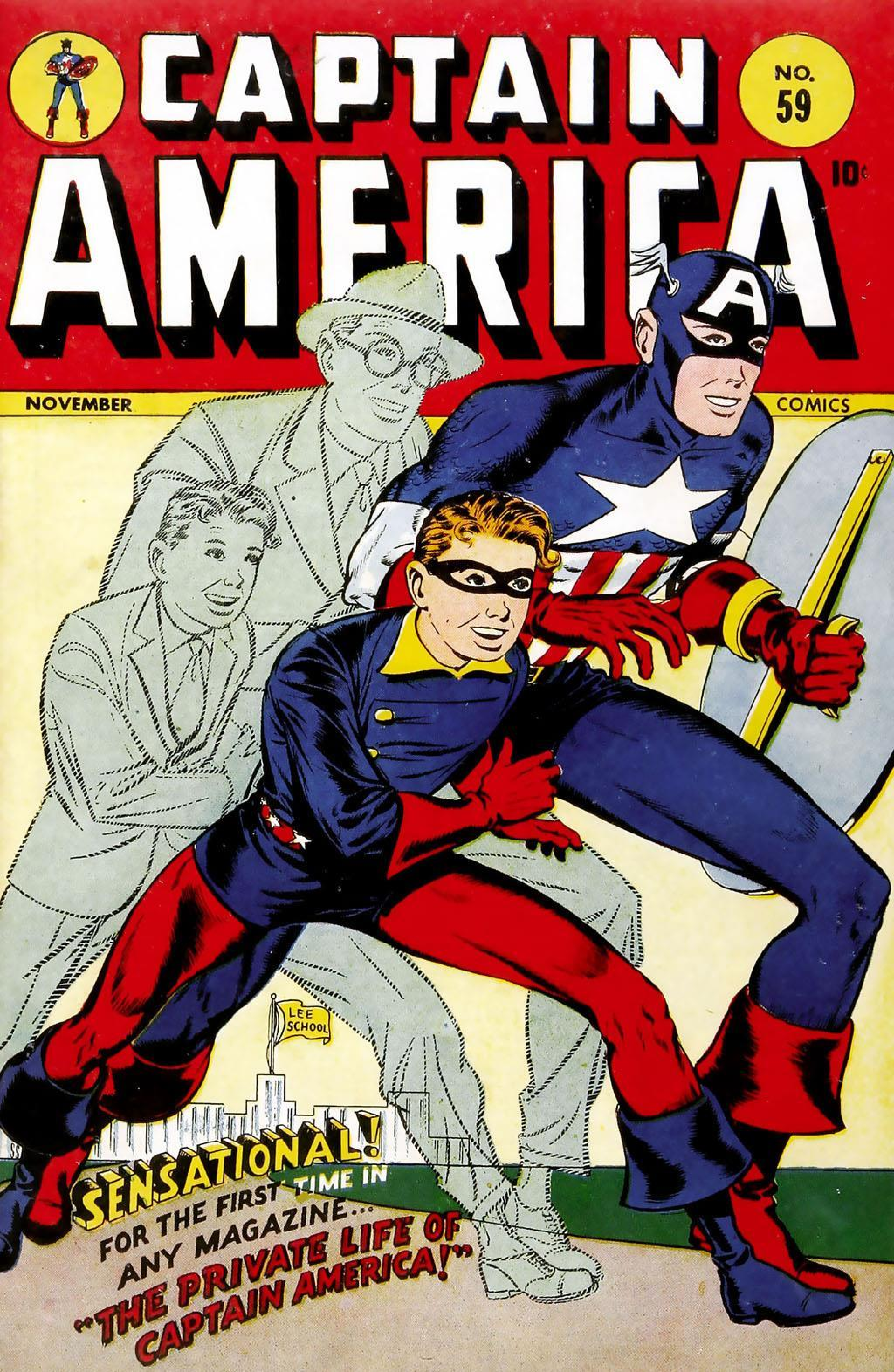
CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 59

10¢

NOVEMBER

COMICS


LEE SCHOOL
SENSATIONAL!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE...
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!"

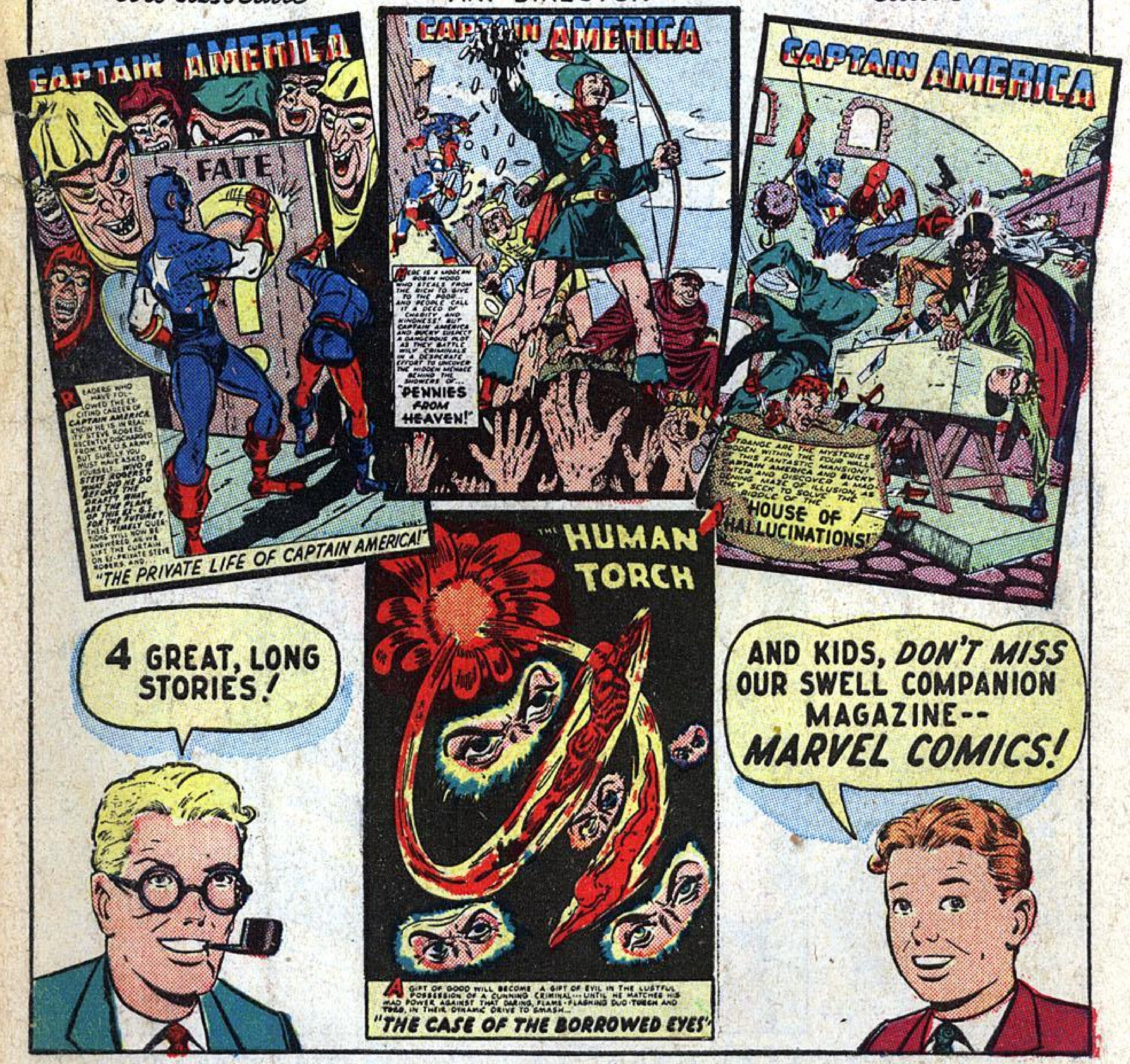
CAPTAIN AMERICA

From the Secret Files of Captain America

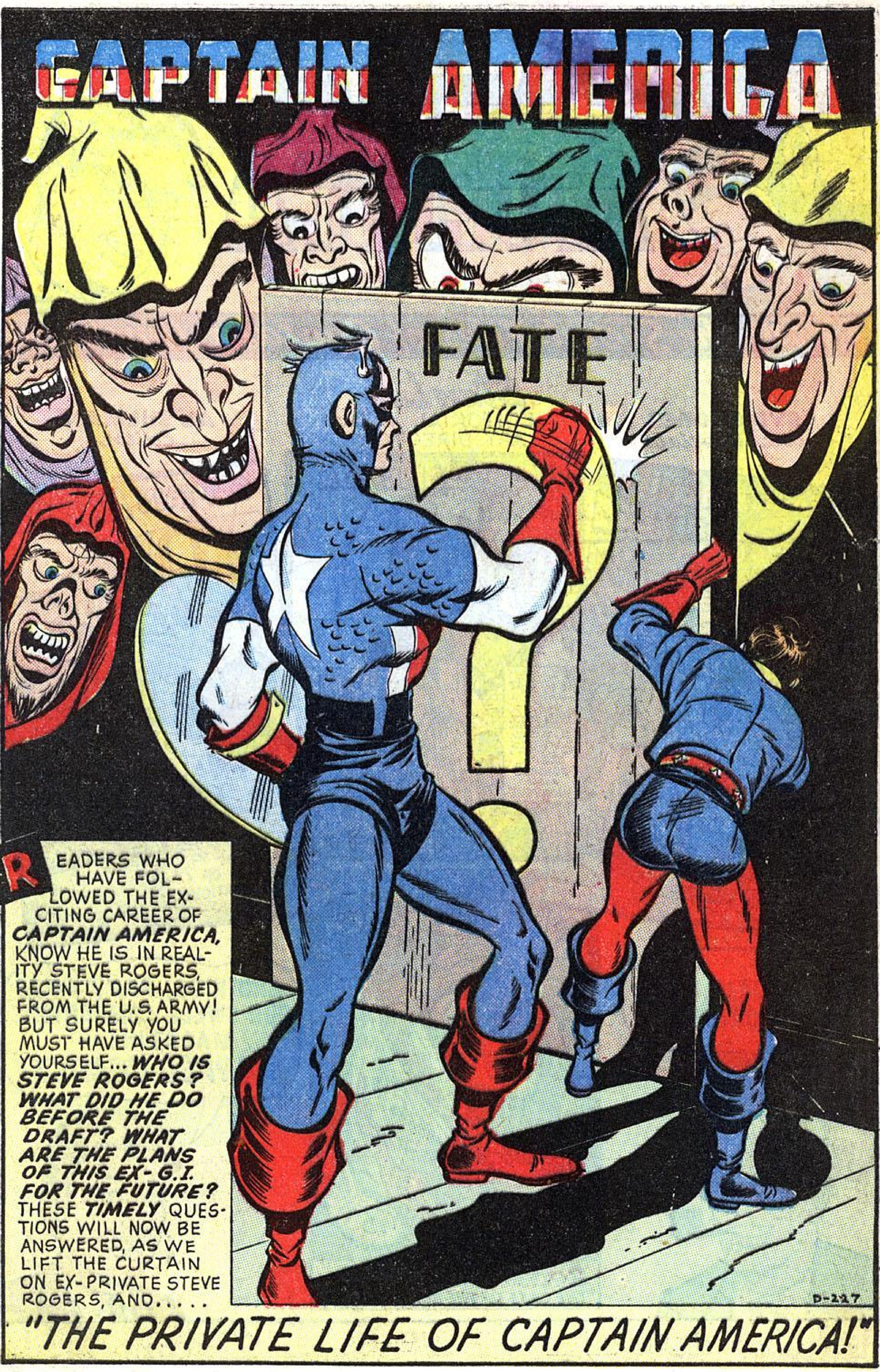
SYD SHORES
Art Associate

Stan Lee
EDITORIAL AND
ART DIRECTOR

AL SULMAN
Editor

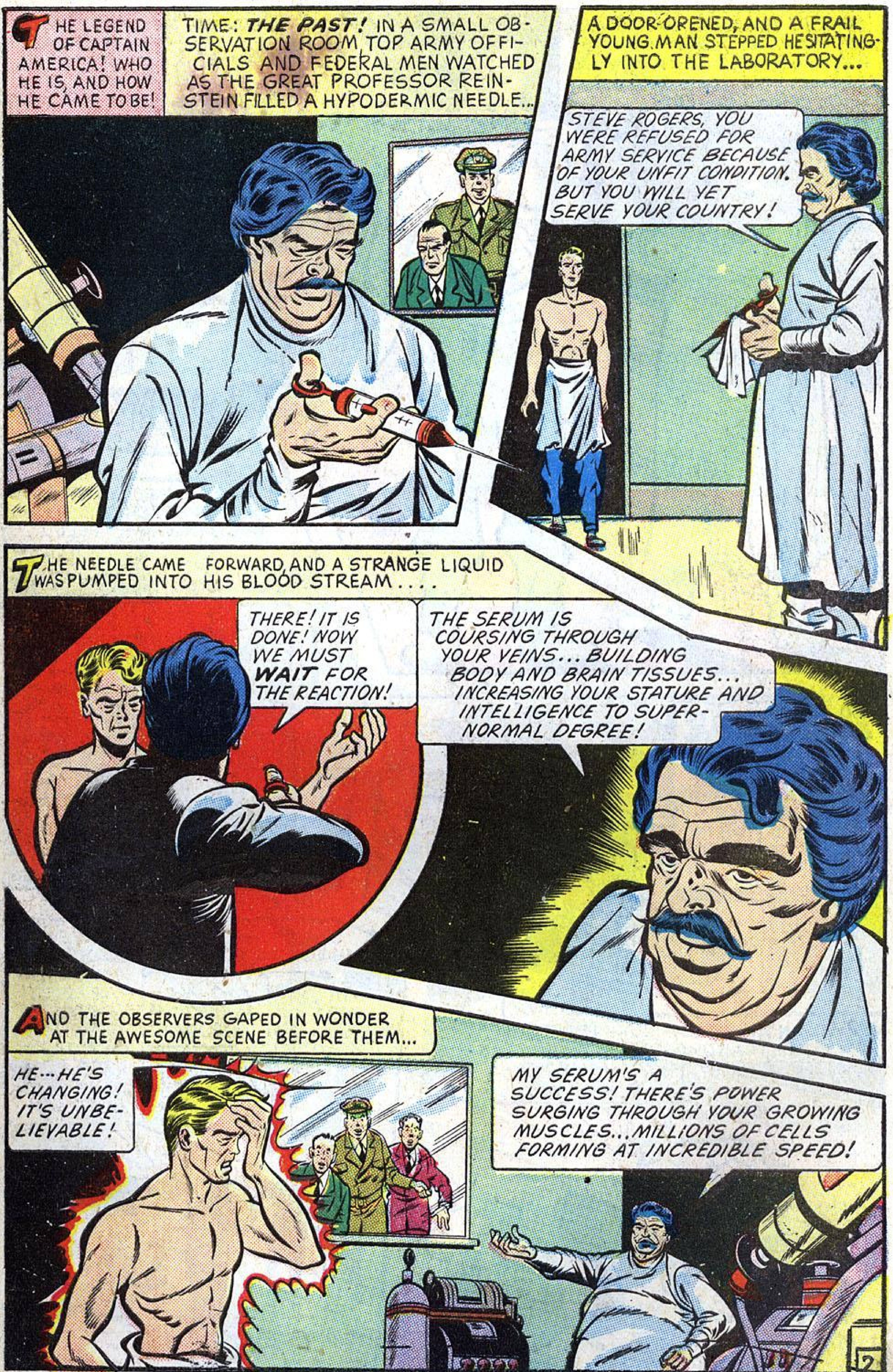

CAPTAIN AMERICA
FATE
READERS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE EXCITING CAREER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA KNOW HE IS IN REALITY STEVE ROGERS RECENTLY DISCHARGED FROM THE U.S. ARMY. BUT SURELY YOU MUST HAVE ASKED YOURSELF... WHO IS STEVE ROGERS? WHAT DID HE DO BEFORE THE DRAFT? WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THIS EX-G.I. FOR THE FUTURE? FOR THESE TIMELY QUESTIONS WILL NOW BE ANSWERED AS WE LIFT THE CURTAIN ON EX-PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND...
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!"
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HERE IS A MODERN ROBIN HOOD WHO STEALS FROM THE RICH TO GIVE TO THE POOR... AND PEOPLE CALL IT A DEED OF CHARITY AND KINDNESS! BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SUSPECT A DANGEROUS PLOT AS THEY BATTLE WILY CRIMINALS IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO UNCOVER THE HIDDEN MENACE BEHIND THE SHOWERS OF...
"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!"
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STRANGE ARE THE MYSTERIES HIDDEN WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF THIS FANTASTIC MANSION! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ENTER AND DISCOVER A MADDENING MAZE OF ILLUSION AS THEY SEEK TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE
"HOUSE OF HALLUCINATIONS!"
THE HUMAN TORCH
A GIFT OF GOOD WILL BECOME A GIFT OF EVIL IN THE LUSTFUL POSSESSION OF A CUNNING CRIMINAL... UNTIL HE MATCHES HIS MAD POWER AGAINST THAT DARING, FLAME-FLASHING DUO-TORCH AND TORO, IN THEIR DYNAMIC DRIVE TO SMASH...
"THE CASE OF THE BORROWED EYES"
4 GREAT, LONG STORIES!
AND KIDS, DON'T MISS OUR SWELL COMPANION MAGAZINE-- MARVEL COMICS!

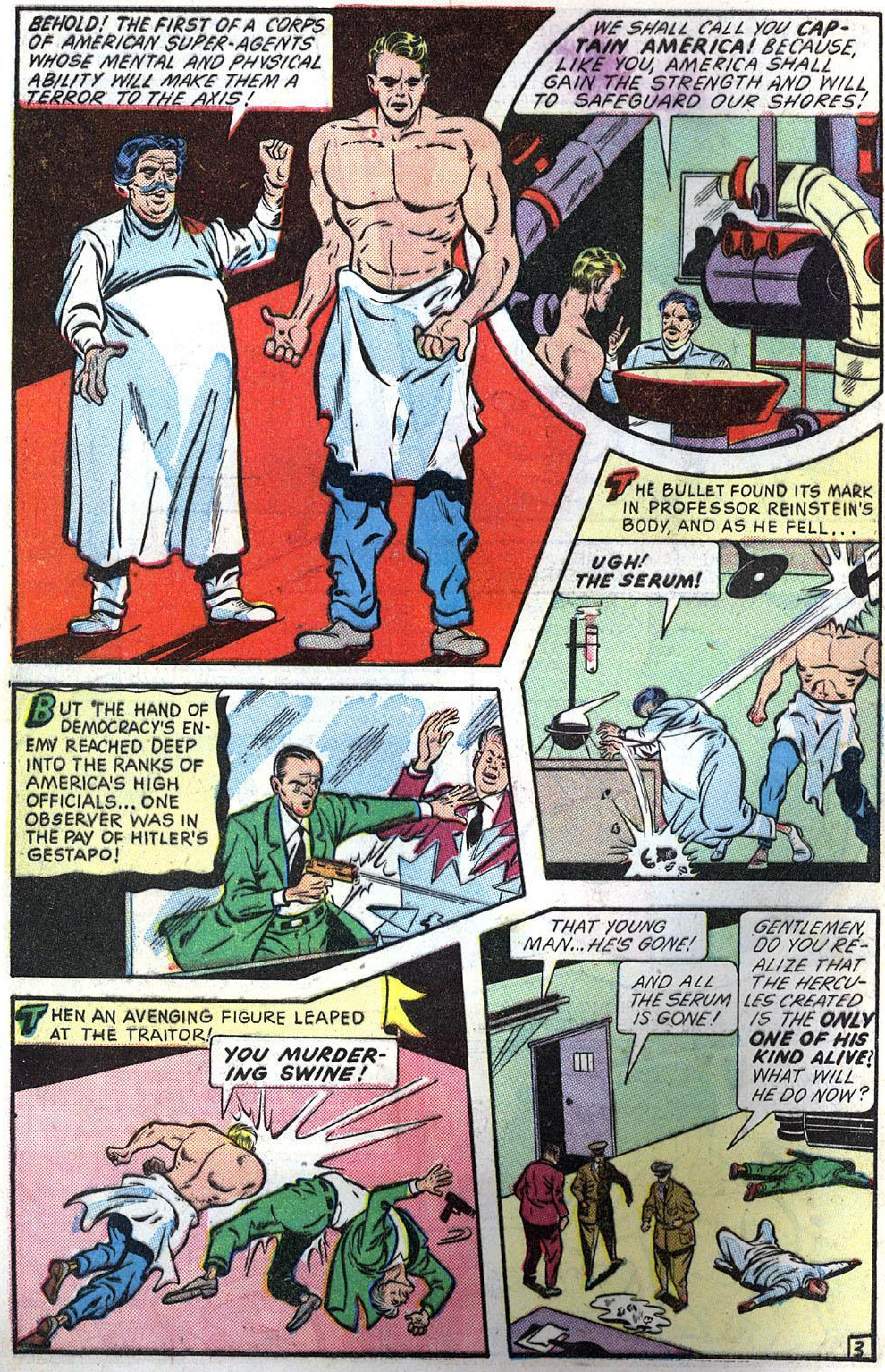
CAPTAIN AMERICA

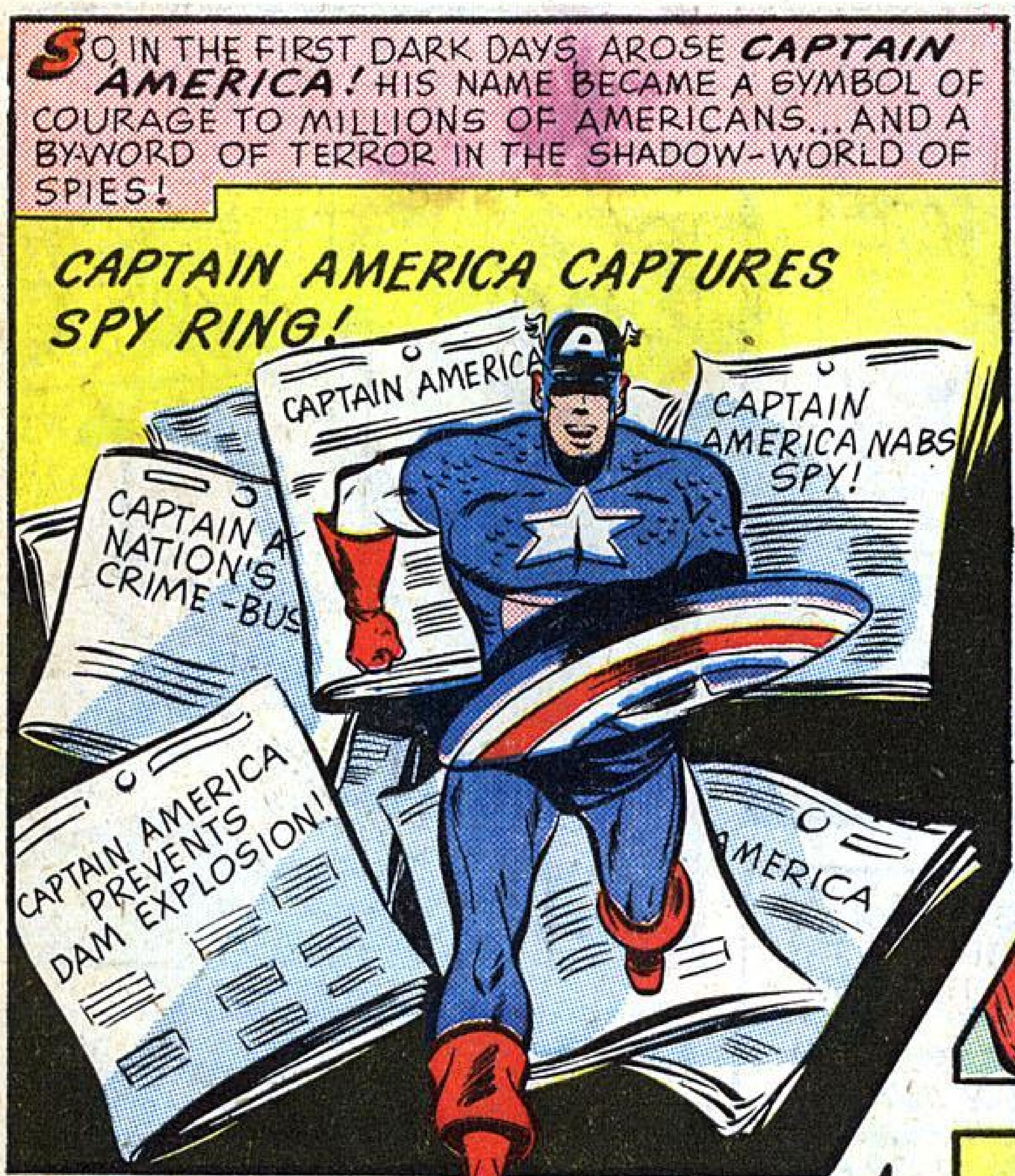


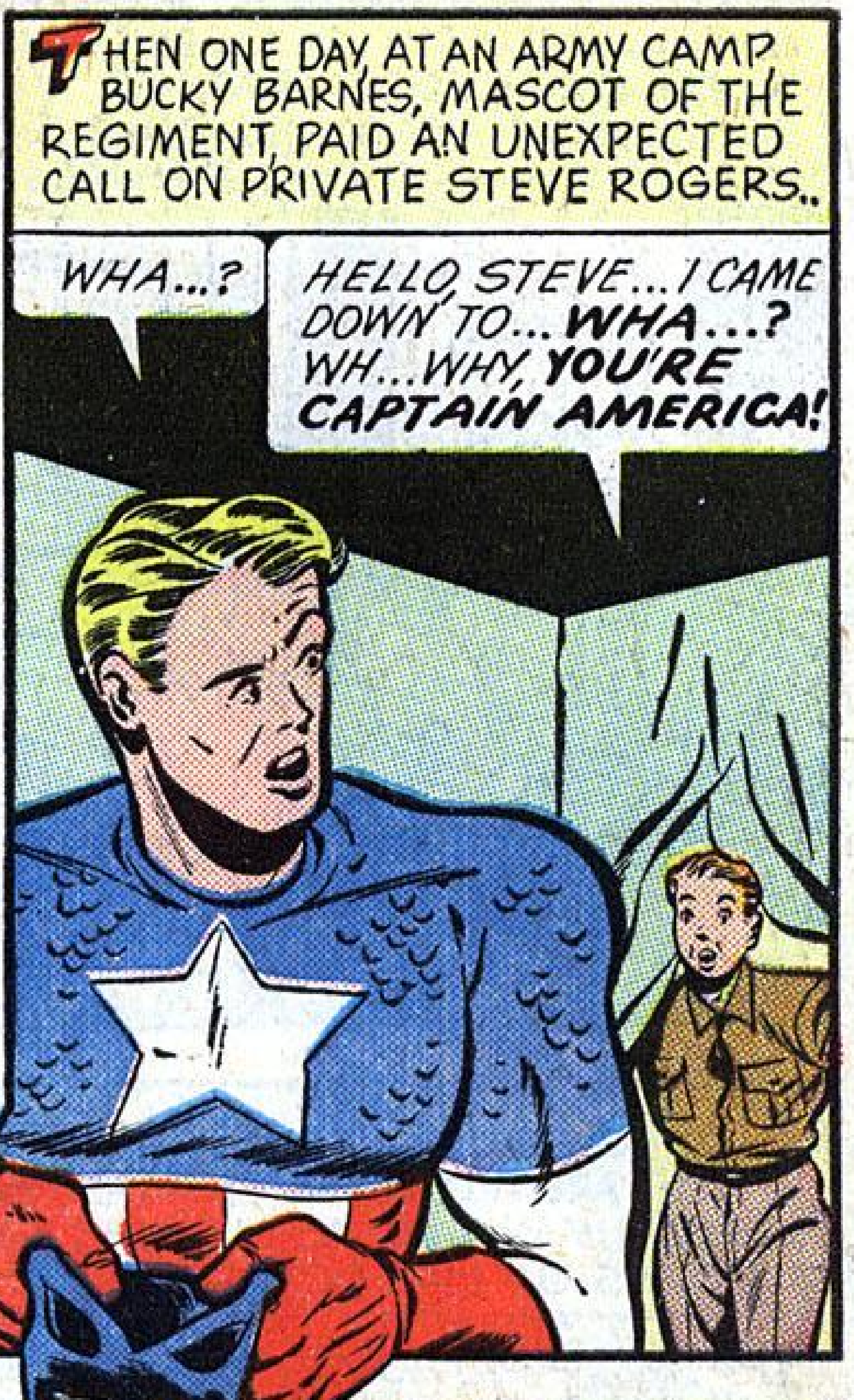
READERS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE EXCITING CAREER OF *CAPTAIN AMERICA*, KNOW HE IS IN REALITY STEVE ROGERS, RECENTLY DISCHARGED FROM THE U.S. ARMY! BUT SURELY YOU MUST HAVE ASKED YOURSELF... ***WHO IS STEVE ROGERS? WHAT DID HE DO BEFORE THE DRAFT? WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THIS EX-G.I. FOR THE FUTURE?*** THESE *TIMELY* QUESTIONS WILL NOW BE ANSWERED, AS WE LIFT THE CURTAIN ON EX-PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS, AND....

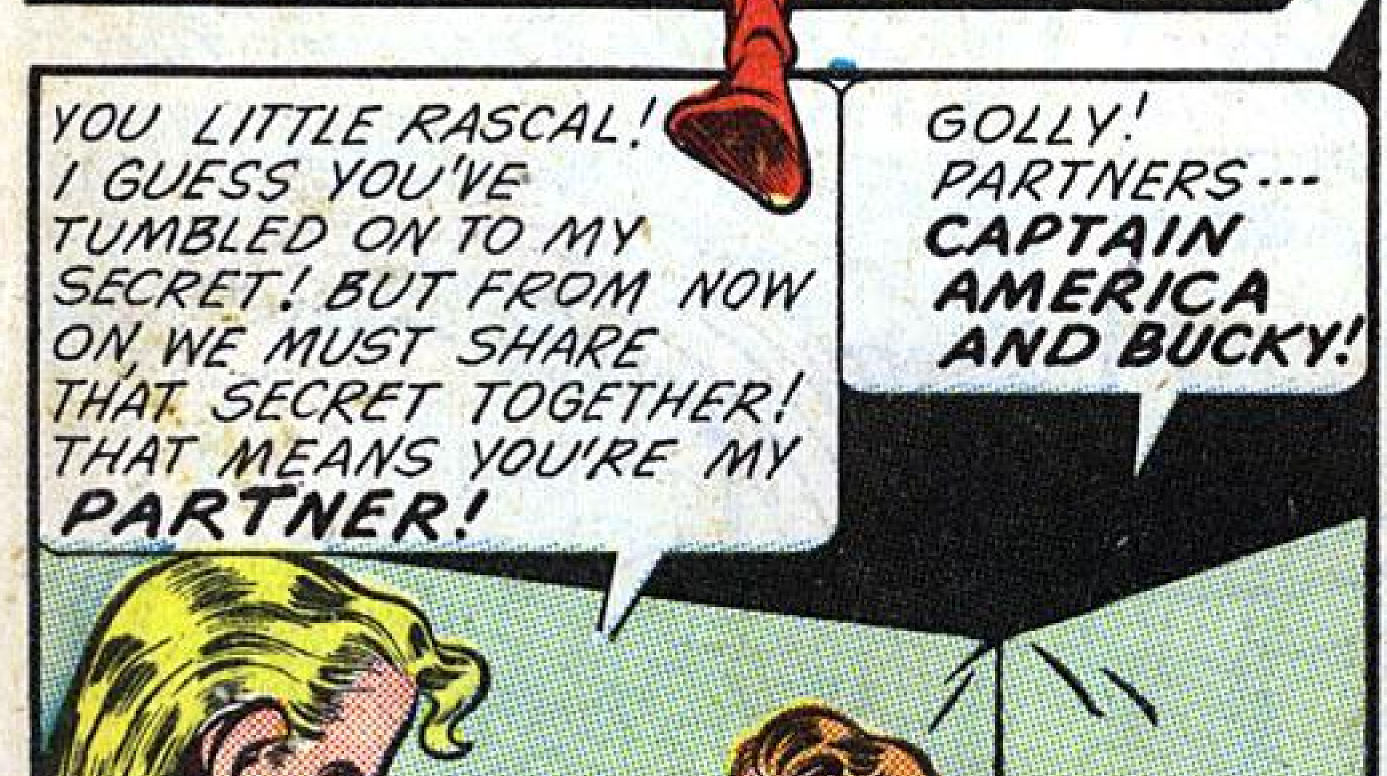
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!"

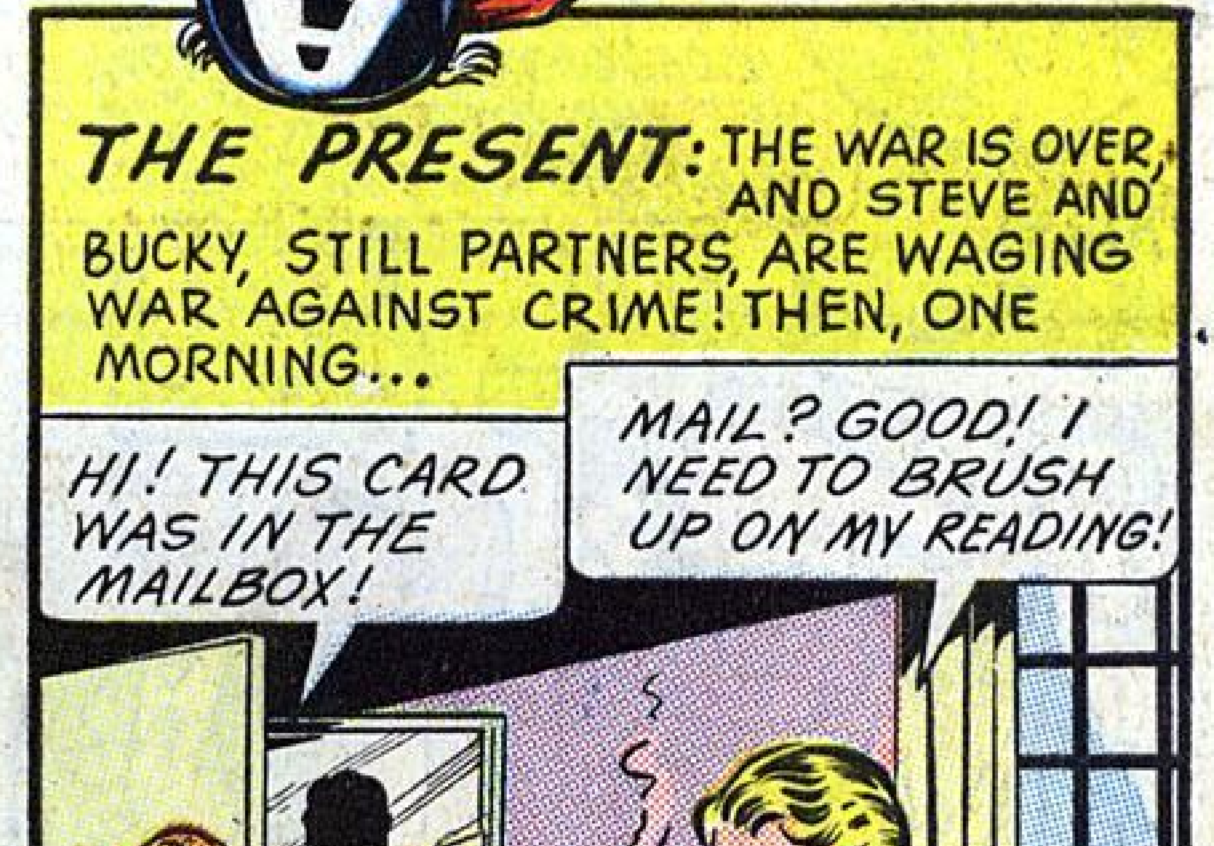

THE LEGEND OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! WHO HE IS, AND HOW HE CAME TO BE!
TIME: THE PAST! IN A SMALL OBSERVATION ROOM TOP ARMY OFFICIALS AND FEDERAL MEN WATCHED AS THE GREAT PROFESSOR REINSTEIN FILLED A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE...
A DOOR OPENED, AND A FRAIL YOUNG MAN STEPPED HESITATINGLY INTO THE LABORATORY...
STEVE ROGERS, YOU WERE REFUSED FOR ARMY SERVICE BECAUSE OF YOUR UNFIT CONDITION. BUT YOU WILL YET SERVE YOUR COUNTRY!
THE NEEDLE CAME FORWARD, AND A STRANGE LIQUID WAS PUMPED INTO HIS BLOOD STREAM....
THERE! IT IS DONE! NOW WE MUST WAIT FOR THE REACTION!
THE SERUM IS COURSING THROUGH YOUR VEINS... BUILDING BODY AND BRAIN TISSUES... INCREASING YOUR STATURE AND INTELLIGENCE TO SUPER-NORMAL DEGREE!
AND THE OBSERVERS GAPED IN WONDER AT THE AWESOME SCENE BEFORE THEM...
HE---HE'S CHANGING! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
MY SERUM'S A SUCCESS! THERE'S POWER SURGING THROUGH YOUR GROWING MUSCLES...MILLIONS OF CELLS FORMING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!

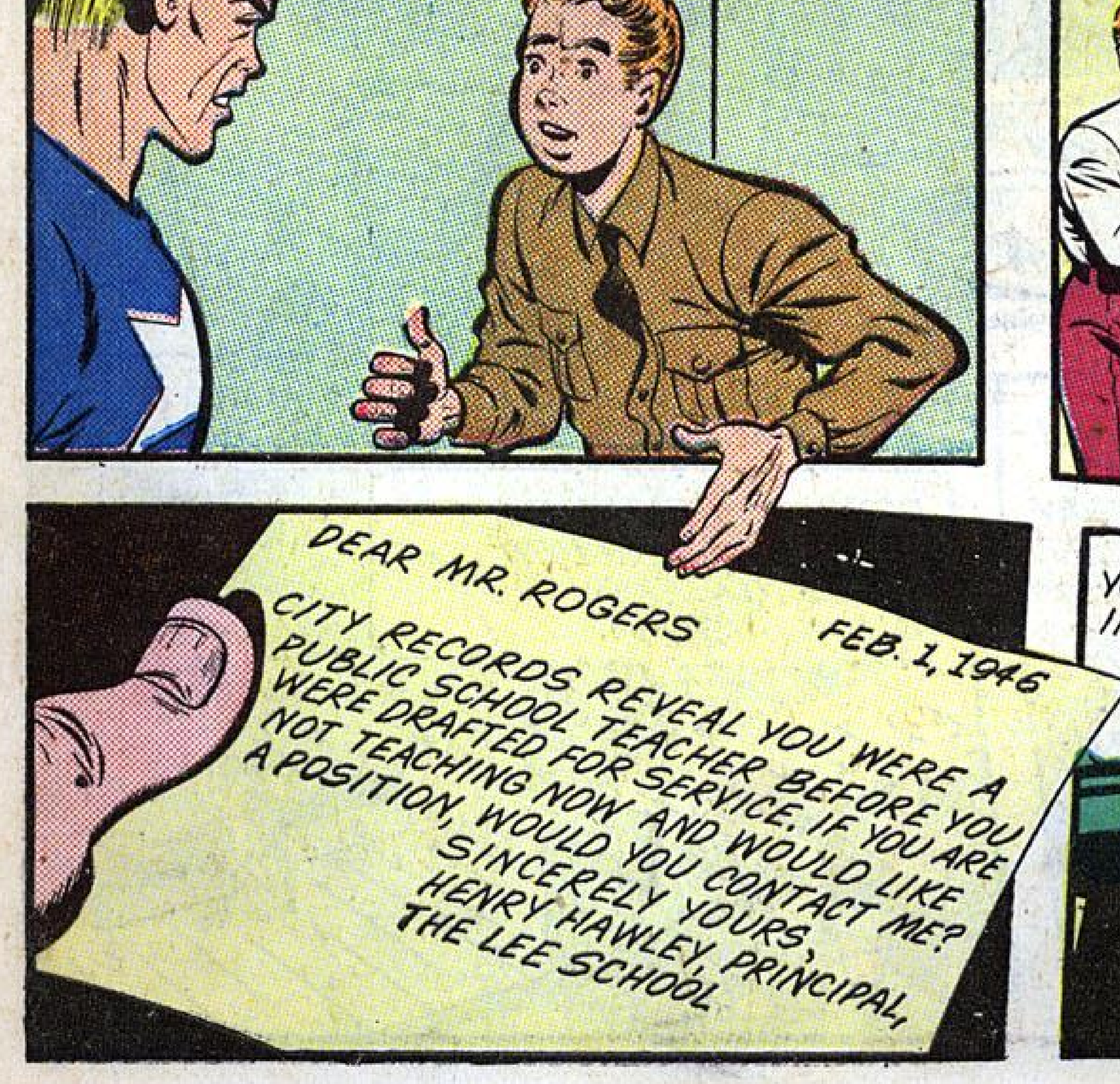

BEHOLD! THE FIRST OF A CORPS OF AMERICAN SUPER-AGENTS WHOSE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL MAKE THEM A TERROR TO THE AXIS!
WE SHALL CALL YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA! BECAUSE, LIKE YOU, AMERICA SHALL GAIN THE STRENGTH AND WILL TO SAFEGUARD OUR SHORES!
THE BULLET FOUND ITS MARK IN PROFESSOR REINSTEIN'S BODY, AND AS HE FELL...
UGH! THE SERUM!
BUT THE HAND OF DEMOCRACY'S ENEMY REACHED DEEP INTO THE RANKS OF AMERICA'S HIGH OFFICIALS... ONE OBSERVER WAS IN THE PAY OF HITLER'S GESTAPO!
THEN AN AVENGING FIGURE LEAPED AT THE TRAITOR!
YOU MURDERING SWINE!
THAT YOUNG MAN... HE'S GONE!
AND ALL THE SERUM IS GONE!
GENTLEMEN, DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE HERCULES CREATED IS THE ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND ALIVE? WHAT WILL HE DO NOW?

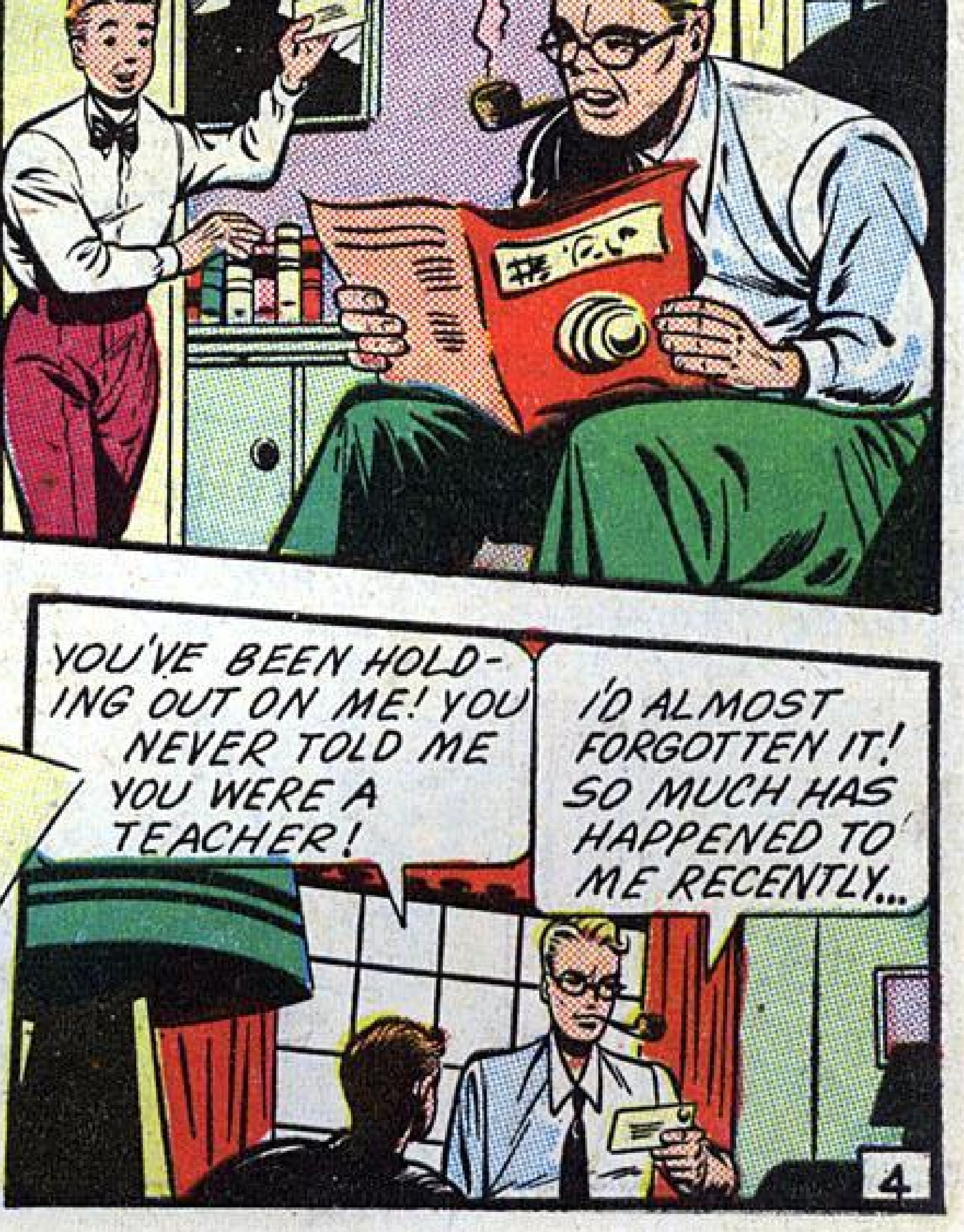

SO IN THE FIRST DARK DAYS AROSE CAPTAIN AMERICA! HIS NAME BECAME A SYMBOL OF COURAGE TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS... AND A BY-WORD OF TERROR IN THE SHADOW-WORLD OF SPIES!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CAPTURES SPY RING!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SPY!
CAPTAIN A NATION'S CRIME-BUS
CAPTAIN AMERICA PREVENTS DAM EXPLOSION!
AMERICA

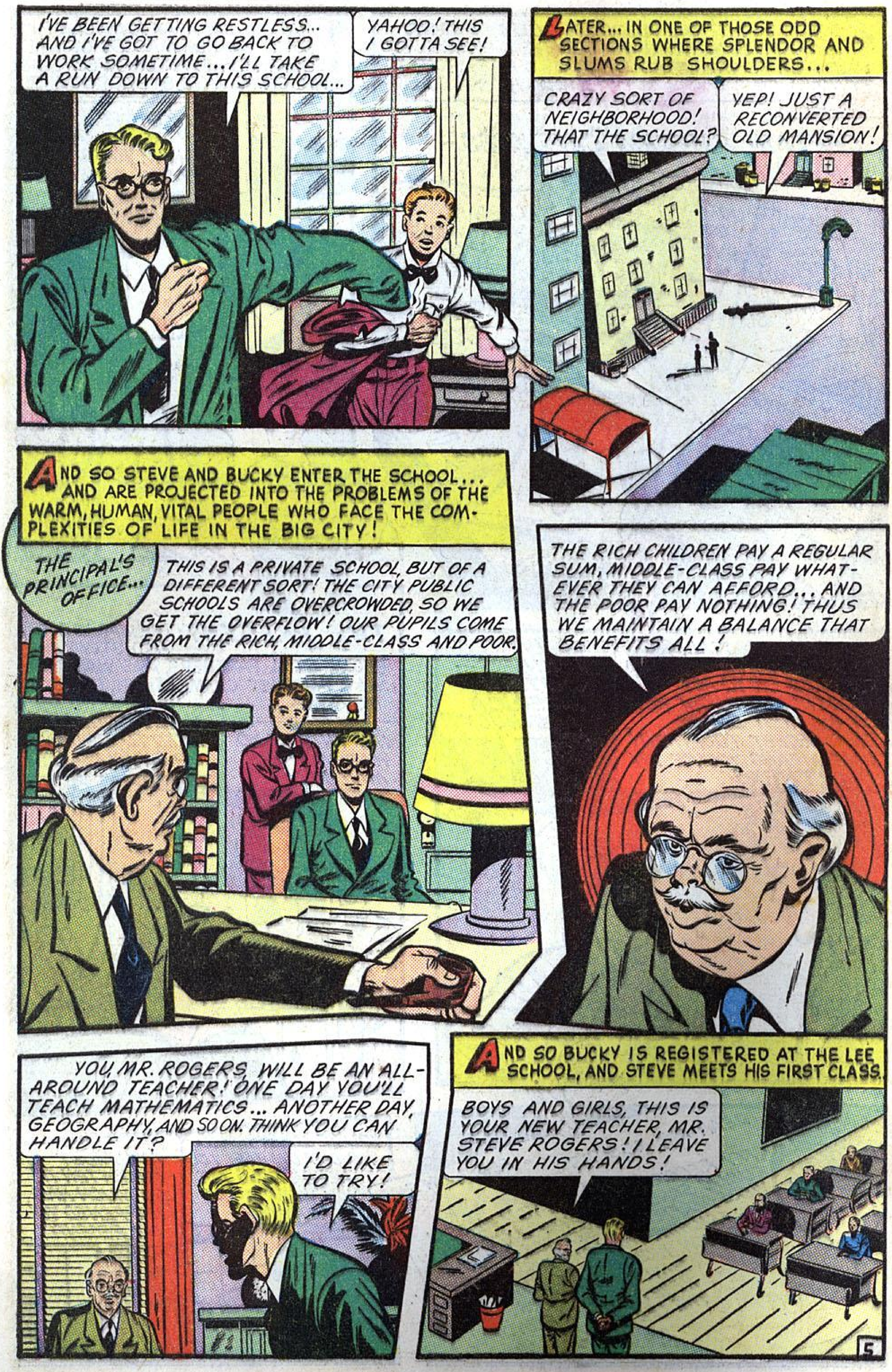

THEN ONE DAY, AT AN ARMY CAMP, BUCKY BARNES, MASCOT OF THE REGIMENT, PAID AN UNEXPECTED CALL ON PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS..
WHA...?
HELLO, STEVE... I CAME DOWN TO... WHA...? WH... WHY, YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA!

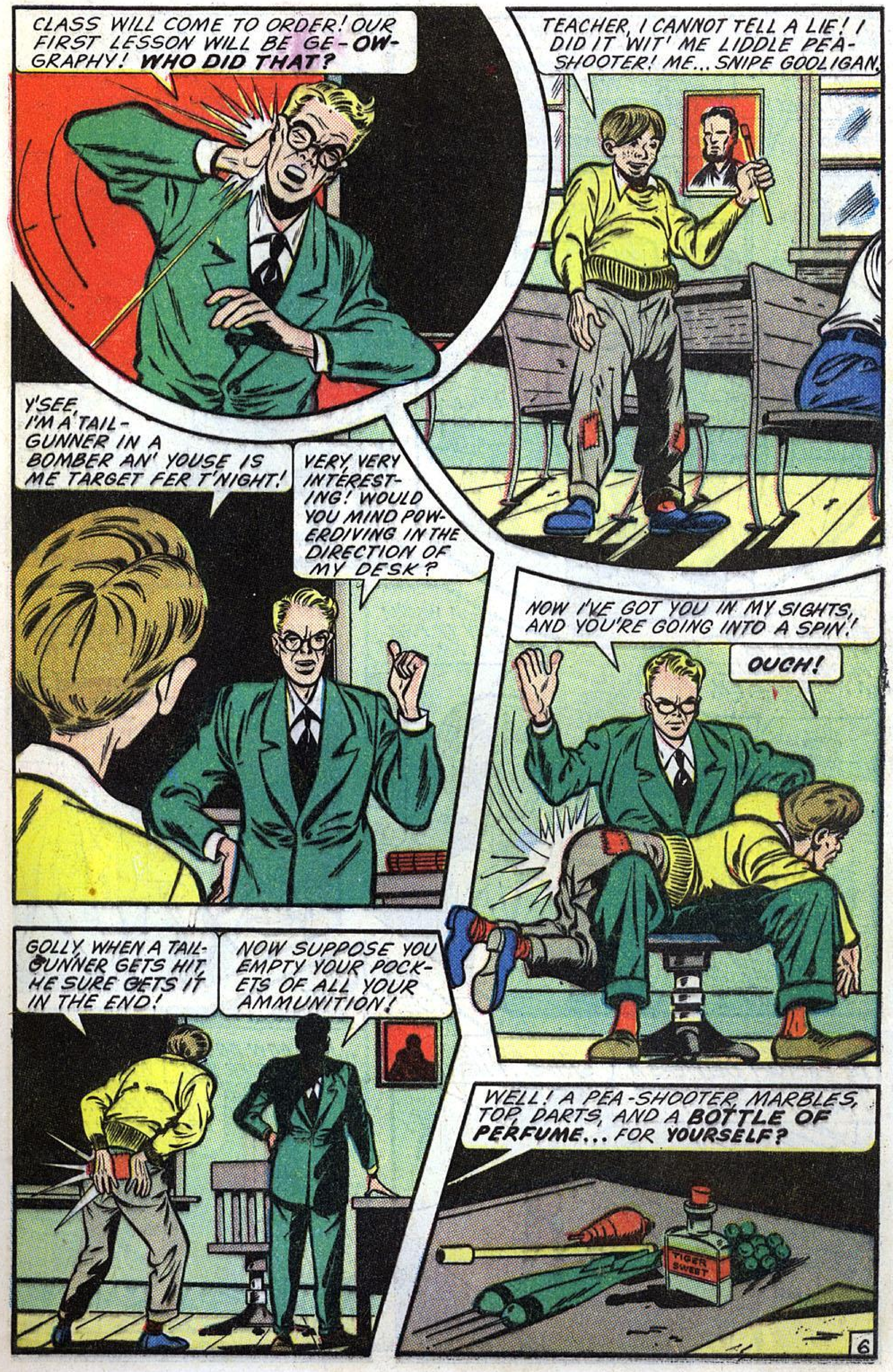

YOU LITTLE RASCAL! I GUESS YOU'VE TUMBLED ON TO MY SECRET! BUT FROM NOW ON, WE MUST SHARE THAT SECRET TOGETHER! THAT MEANS YOU'RE MY PARTNER!
GOLLY! PARTNERS--- CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

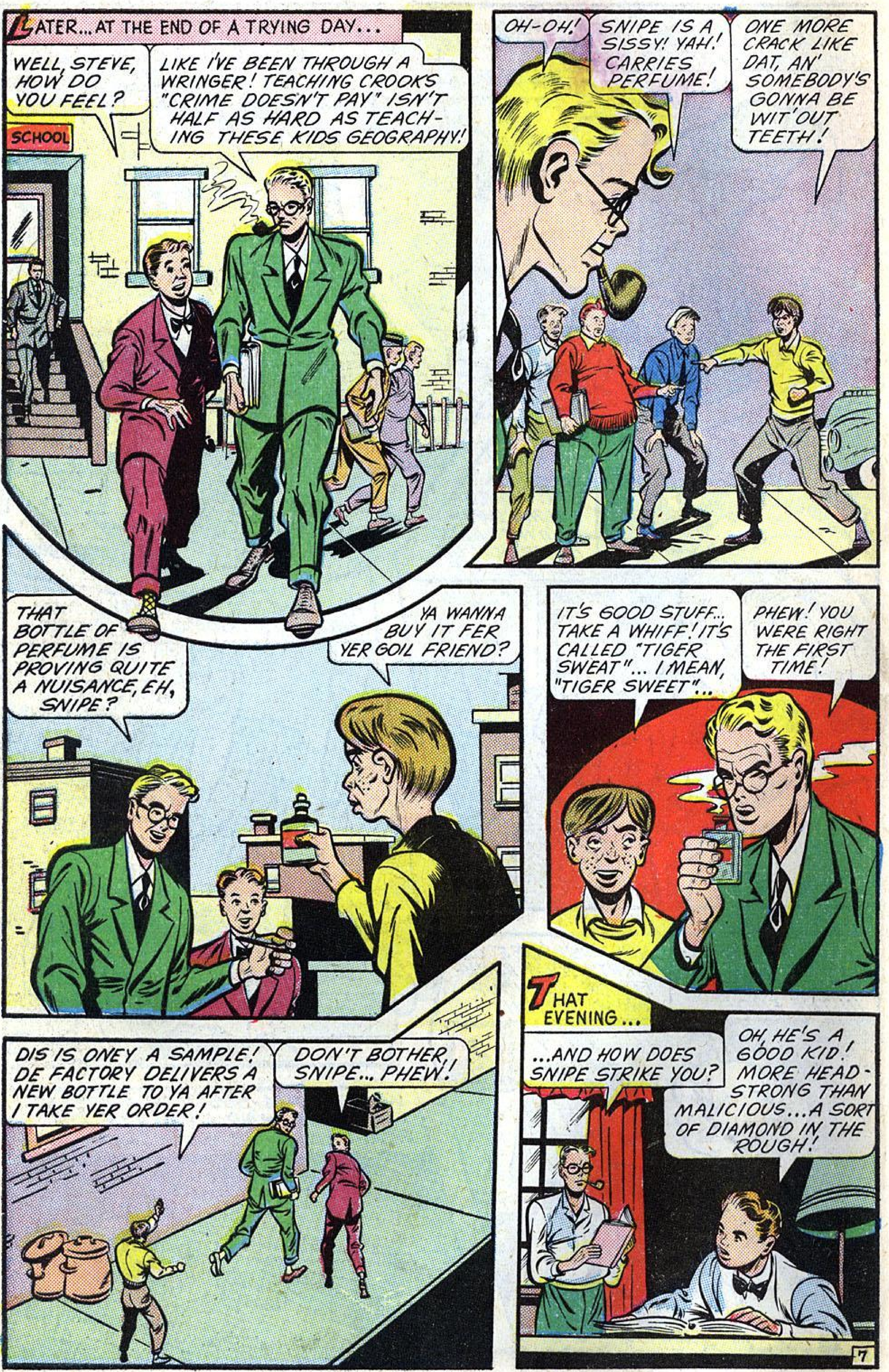

THE PRESENT: THE WAR IS OVER, AND STEVE AND BUCKY, STILL PARTNERS, ARE WAGING WAR AGAINST CRIME! THEN, ONE MORNING...
HI! THIS CARD WAS IN THE MAILBOX!
MAIL? GOOD! I NEED TO BRUSH UP ON MY READING!

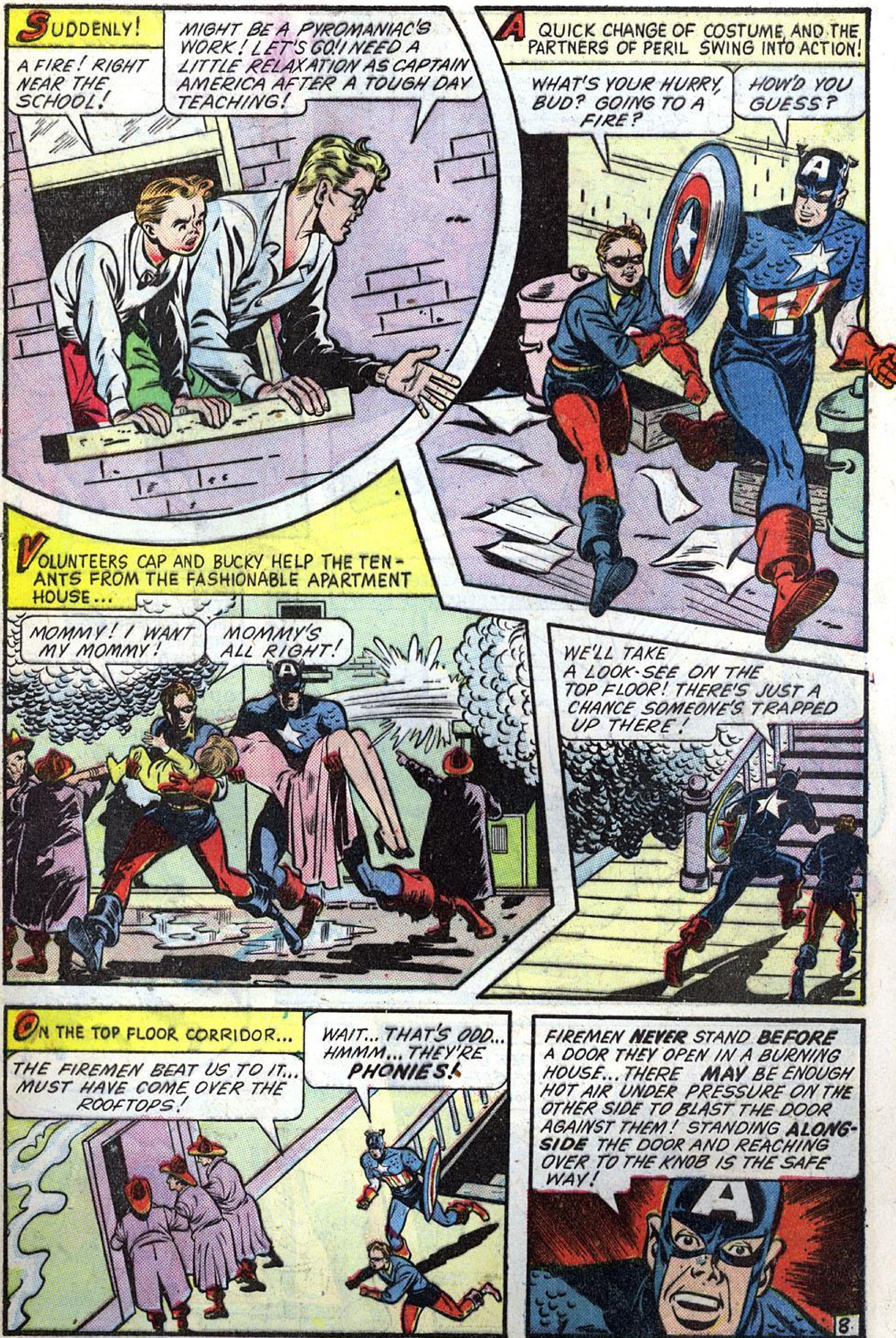

DEAR MR. ROGERS
FEB. 1, 1946
CITY RECORDS REVEAL YOU WERE A PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER BEFORE YOU WERE DRAFTED FOR SERVICE. IF YOU ARE NOT TEACHING NOW AND WOULD LIKE A POSITION, WOULD YOU CONTACT ME?
SINCERELY YOURS,
HENRY HAWLEY, PRINCIPAL,
THE LEE SCHOOL

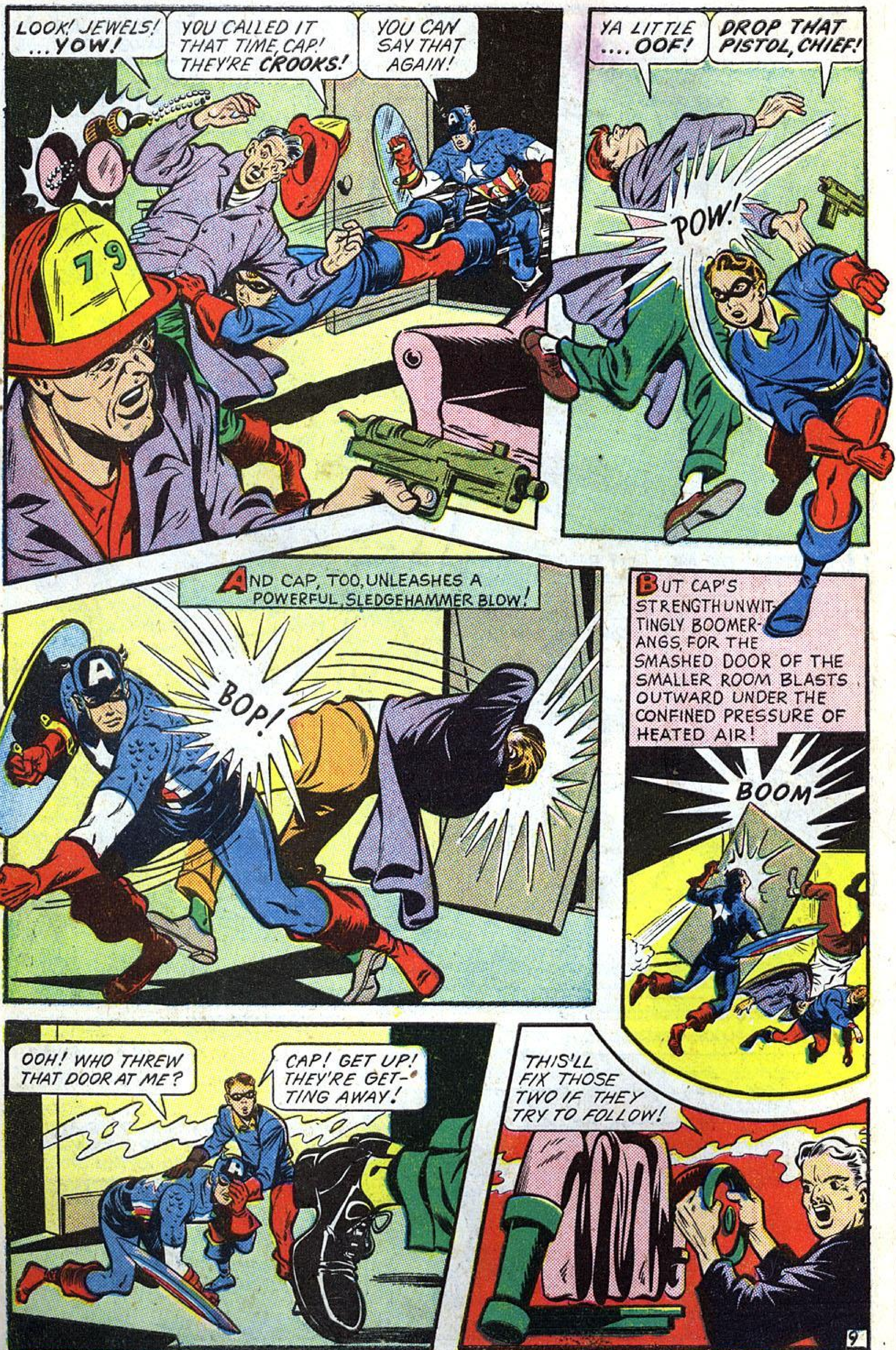

YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE A TEACHER!
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT! SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED TO ME RECENTLY...

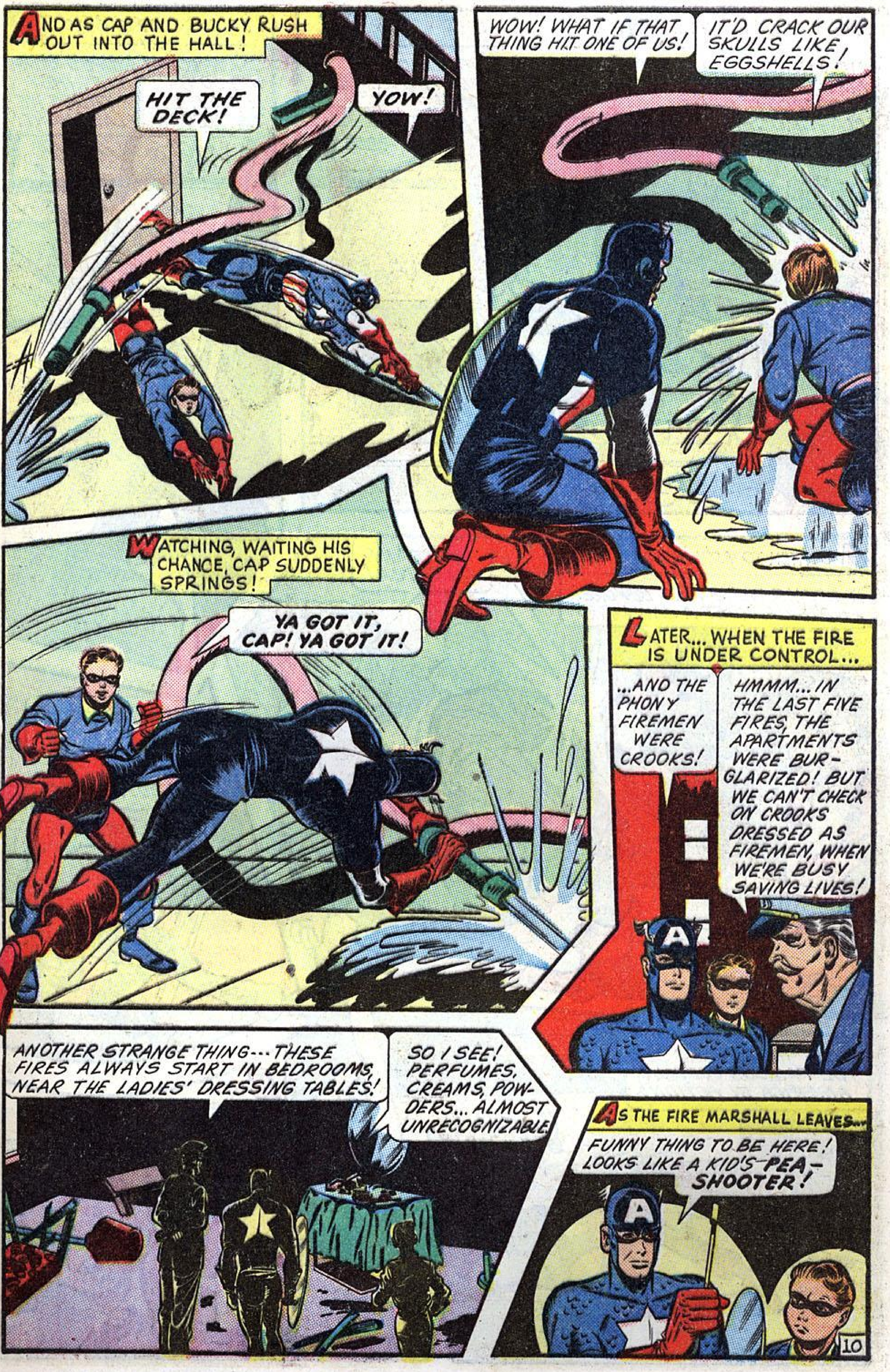

I'VE BEEN GETTING RESTLESS... AND I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO WORK SOMETIME... I'LL TAKE A RUN DOWN TO THIS SCHOOL...
YAHOO! THIS I GOTTA SEE!
LATER... IN ONE OF THOSE ODD SECTIONS WHERE SPLENDOR AND SLUMS RUB SHOULDERS...
CRAZY SORT OF NEIGHBORHOOD! THAT THE SCHOOL?
YEP! JUST A RECONVERTED OLD MANSION!
AND SO STEVE AND BUCKY ENTER THE SCHOOL... AND ARE PROJECTED INTO THE PROBLEMS OF THE WARM, HUMAN, VITAL PEOPLE WHO FACE THE COMPLEXITIES OF LIFE IN THE BIG CITY!
THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE...
THIS IS A PRIVATE SCHOOL, BUT OF A DIFFERENT SORT! THE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE OVERCROWDED, SO WE GET THE OVERFLOW! OUR PUPILS COME FROM THE RICH, MIDDLE-CLASS AND POOR.
THE RICH CHILDREN PAY A REGULAR SUM, MIDDLE-CLASS PAY WHATEVER THEY CAN AFFORD... AND THE POOR PAY NOTHING! THUS WE MAINTAIN A BALANCE THAT BENEFITS ALL!
YOU, MR. ROGERS, WILL BE AN ALL-AROUND TEACHER! ONE DAY YOU'LL TEACH MATHEMATICS... ANOTHER DAY, GEOGRAPHY, AND SO ON. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?
I'D LIKE TO TRY!
AND SO BUCKY IS REGISTERED AT THE LEE SCHOOL, AND STEVE MEETS HIS FIRST CLASS.
BOYS AND GIRLS, THIS IS YOUR NEW TEACHER, MR. STEVE ROGERS! I LEAVE YOU IN HIS HANDS!

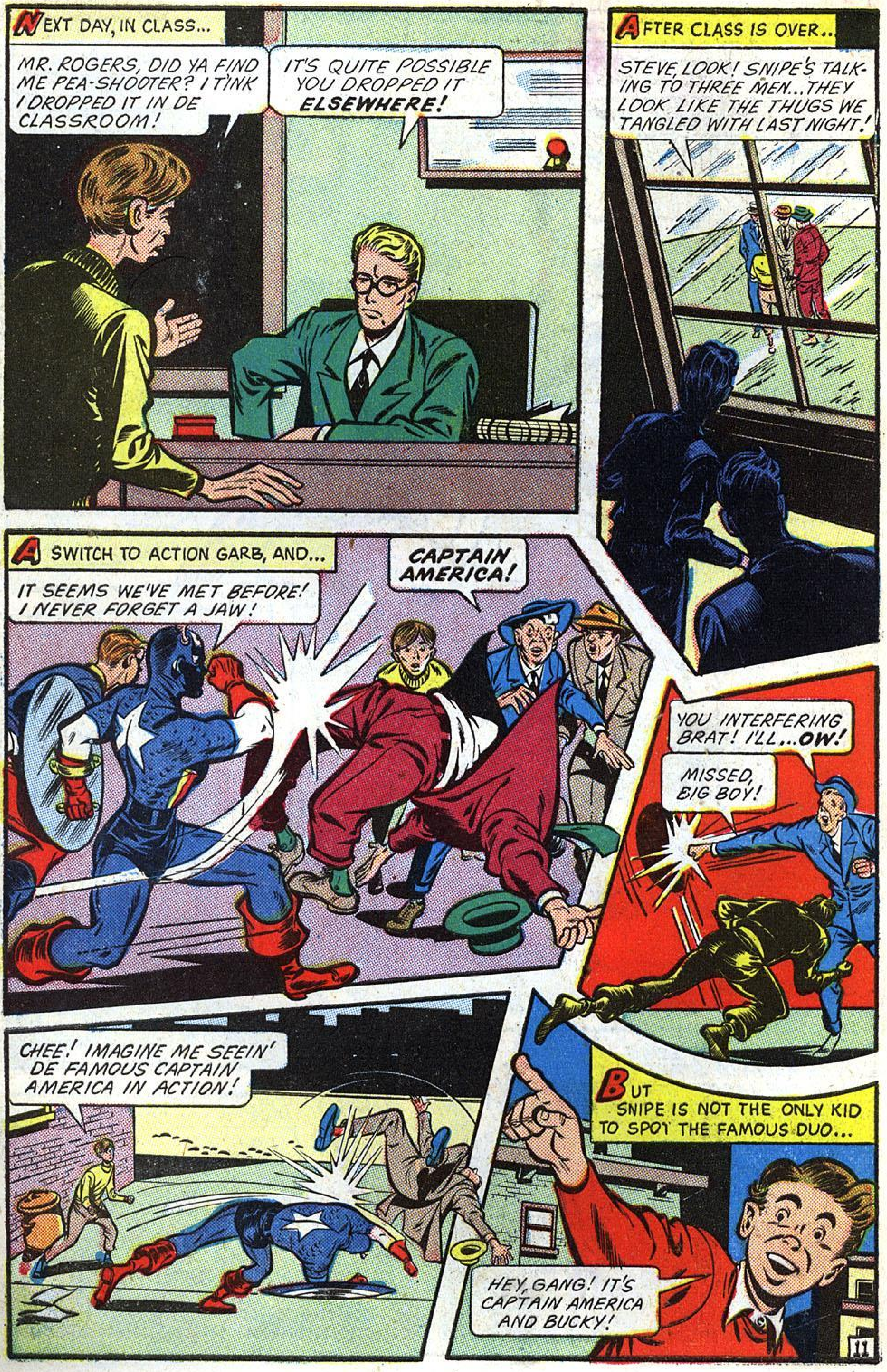

CLASS WILL COME TO ORDER! OUR FIRST LESSON WILL BE GE-**OW**-GRAPHY! **WHO DID THAT?**
TEACHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE! I DID IT WIT' ME LIDDLE PEA-SHOOTER! ME... SNIPE GOOLIGAN.
Y'SEE, I'M A TAIL-GUNNER IN A BOMBER AN' YOUSE IS ME TARGET FER T'NIGHT!
VERY, VERY INTERESTING! WOULD YOU MIND POWERDIVING IN THE DIRECTION OF MY DESK?
NOW I'VE GOT YOU IN MY SIGHTS, AND YOU'RE GOING INTO A SPIN!
OUCH!
GOLLY, WHEN A TAIL-GUNNER GETS HIT, HE SURE GETS IT IN THE END!
NOW SUPPOSE YOU EMPTY YOUR POCKETS OF ALL YOUR AMMUNITION!
WELL! A PEA-SHOOTER, MARBLES, TOP, DARTS, AND A **BOTTLE OF PERFUME**... FOR **YOURSELF?**
TIGER SWEET

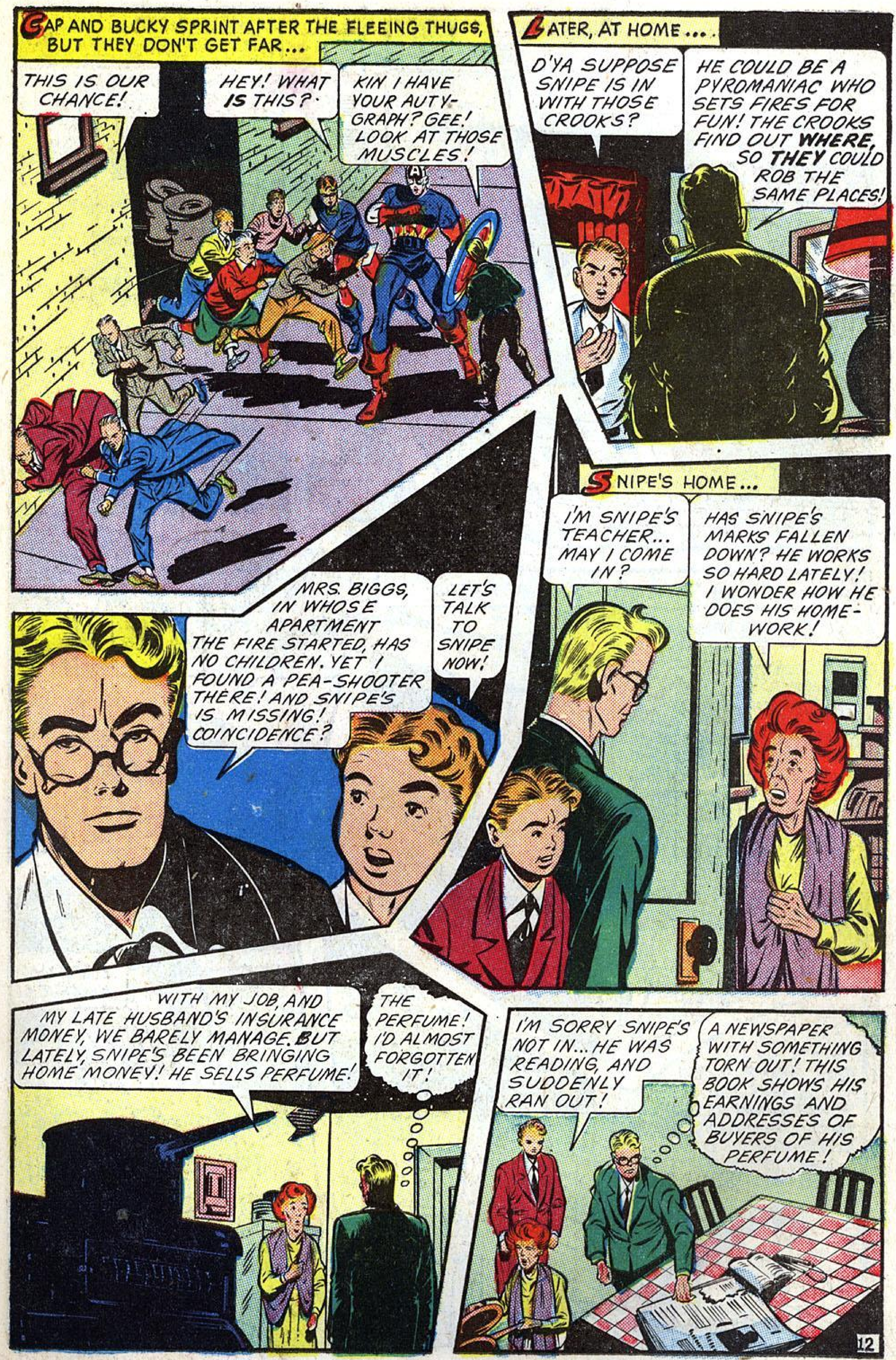

LATER... AT THE END OF A TRYING DAY...
WELL, STEVE, HOW DO YOU FEEL?
LIKE I'VE BEEN THROUGH A WRINGER! TEACHING CROOKS "CRIME DOESN'T PAY" ISN'T HALF AS HARD AS TEACHING THESE KIDS GEOGRAPHY!
SCHOOL
OH-OH!
SNIPE IS A SISSY! YAH! CARRIES PERFUME!
ONE MORE CRACK LIKE DAT, AN' SOMEBODY'S GONNA BE WIT'OUT TEETH!
THAT BOTTLE OF PERFUME IS PROVING QUITE A NUISANCE, EH, SNIPE?
YA WANNA BUY IT FER YER GOIL FRIEND?
IT'S GOOD STUFF... TAKE A WHIFF! IT'S CALLED "TIGER SWEAT"... I MEAN, "TIGER SWEET"...
PHEW! YOU WERE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!
DIS IS ONEY A SAMPLE! DE FACTORY DELIVERS A NEW BOTTLE TO YA AFTER I TAKE YER ORDER!
DON'T BOTHER, SNIPE... PHEW!
THAT EVENING...
...AND HOW DOES SNIPE STRIKE YOU?
OH, HE'S A GOOD KID! MORE HEADSTRONG THAN MALICIOUS... A SORT OF DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH!

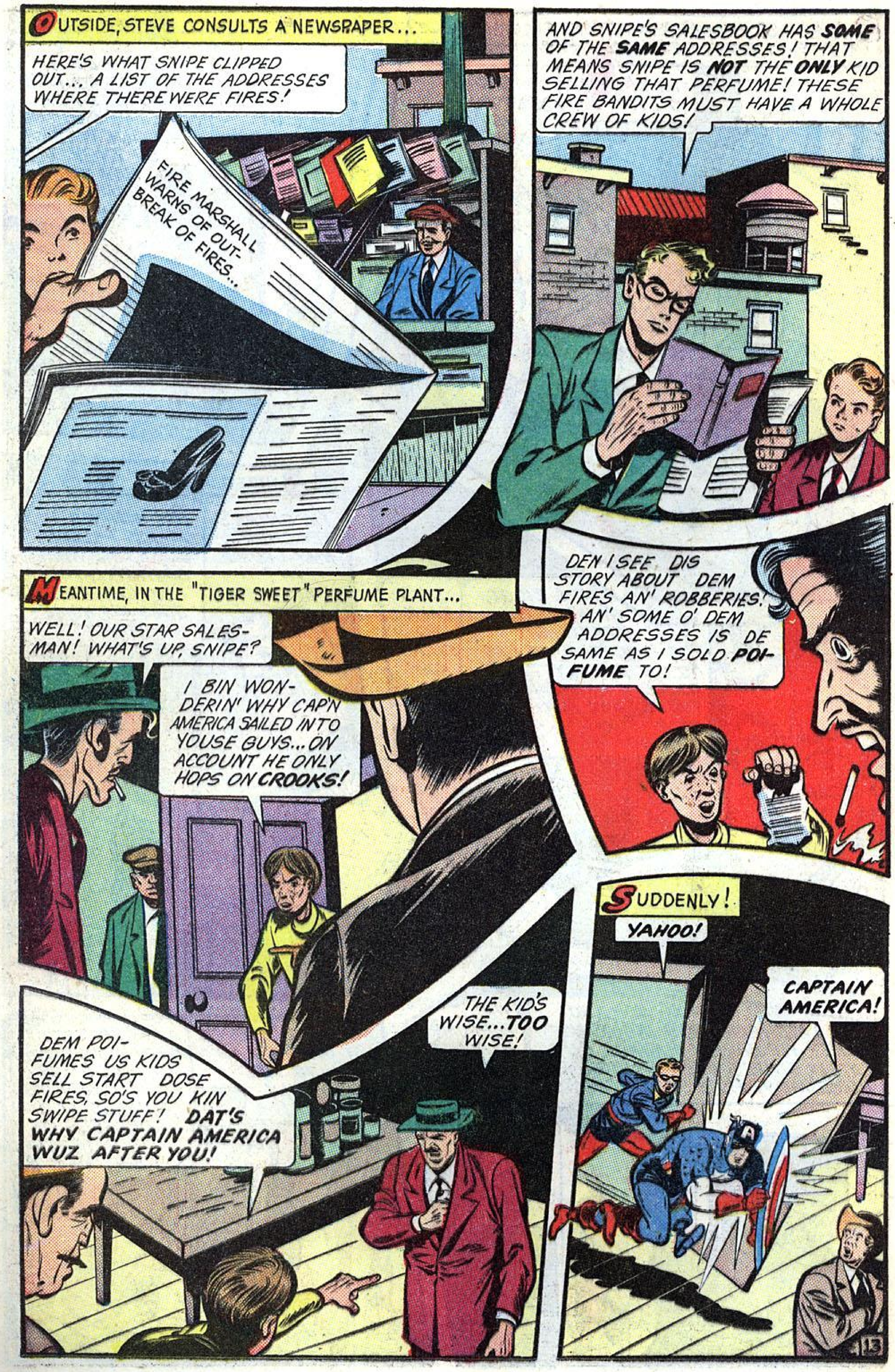

SUDDENLY!
A FIRE! RIGHT NEAR THE SCHOOL!
MIGHT BE A PYROMANIAC'S WORK! LET'S GO! I NEED A LITTLE RELAXATION AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AFTER A TOUGH DAY TEACHING!
A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND THE PARTNERS OF PERIL SWING INTO ACTION!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BUD? GOING TO A FIRE?
HOW'D YOU GUESS?
VOLUNTEERS CAP AND BUCKY HELP THE TENANTS FROM THE FASHIONABLE APARTMENT HOUSE...
MOMMY! I WANT MY MOMMY!
MOMMY'S ALL RIGHT!
WE'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE ON THE TOP FLOOR! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SOMEONE'S TRAPPED UP THERE!
ON THE TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR...
THE FIREMEN BEAT US TO IT... MUST HAVE COME OVER THE ROOFTOPS!
WAIT... THAT'S ODD... HMMM... THEY'RE PHONIES!
FIREMEN NEVER STAND BEFORE A DOOR THEY OPEN IN A BURNING HOUSE... THERE MAY BE ENOUGH HOT AIR UNDER PRESSURE ON THE OTHER SIDE TO BLAST THE DOOR AGAINST THEM! STANDING ALONGSIDE THE DOOR AND REACHING OVER TO THE KNOB IS THE SAFE WAY!

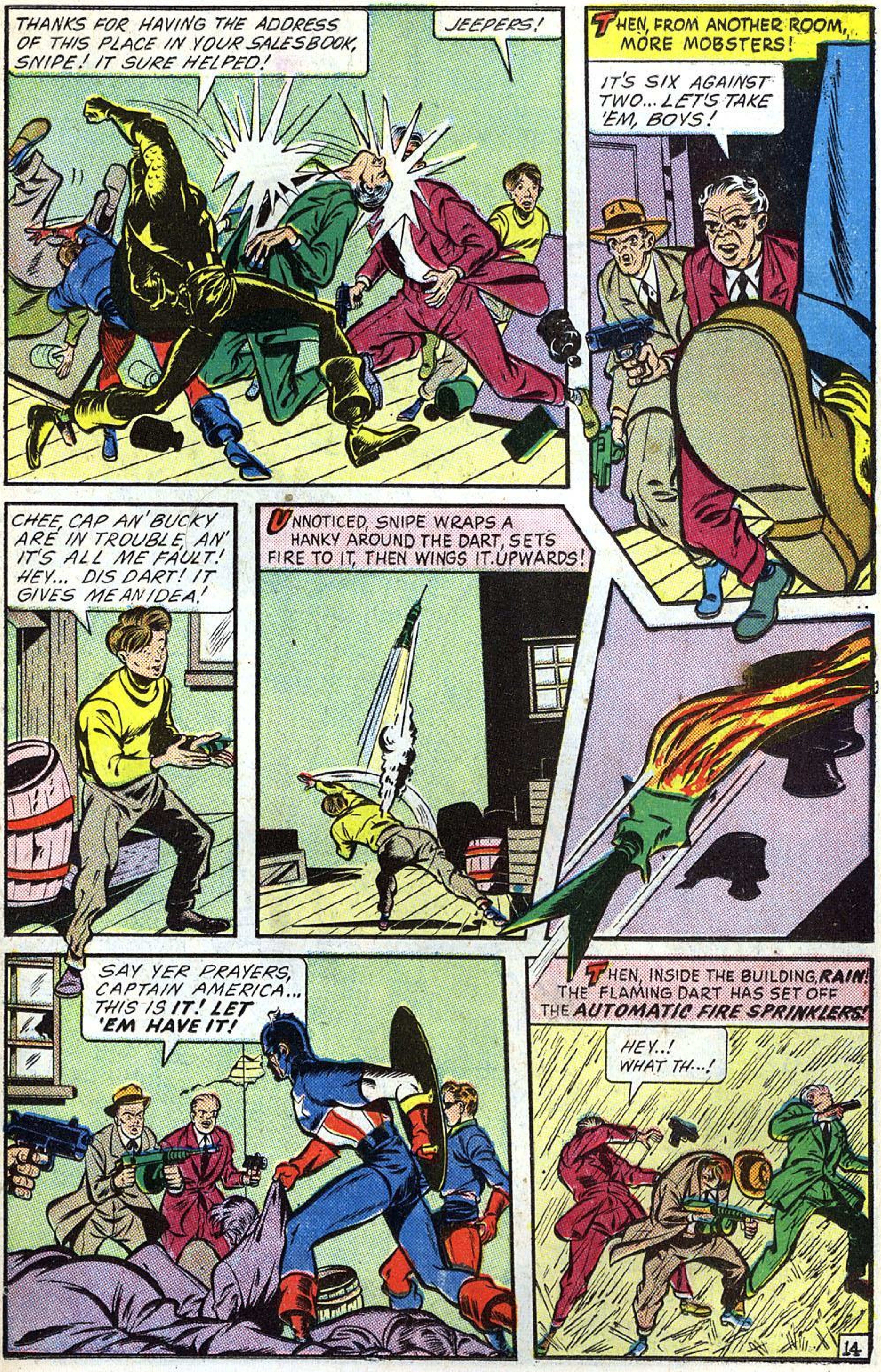

LOOK! JEWELS! ...YOW!
YOU CALLED IT THAT TIME, CAP! THEY'RE CROOKS!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
79
YA LITTLE ....OOF!
DROP THAT PISTOL, CHIEF!
POW!
AND CAP, TOO, UNLEASHES A POWERFUL, SLEDGEHAMMER BLOW!
BOP!
BUT CAP'S STRENGTH UNWITTINGLY BOOMERANGS, FOR THE SMASHED DOOR OF THE SMALLER ROOM BLASTS OUTWARD UNDER THE CONFINED PRESSURE OF HEATED AIR!
BOOM
OOH! WHO THREW THAT DOOR AT ME?
CAP! GET UP! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
THIS'LL FIX THOSE TWO IF THEY TRY TO FOLLOW!

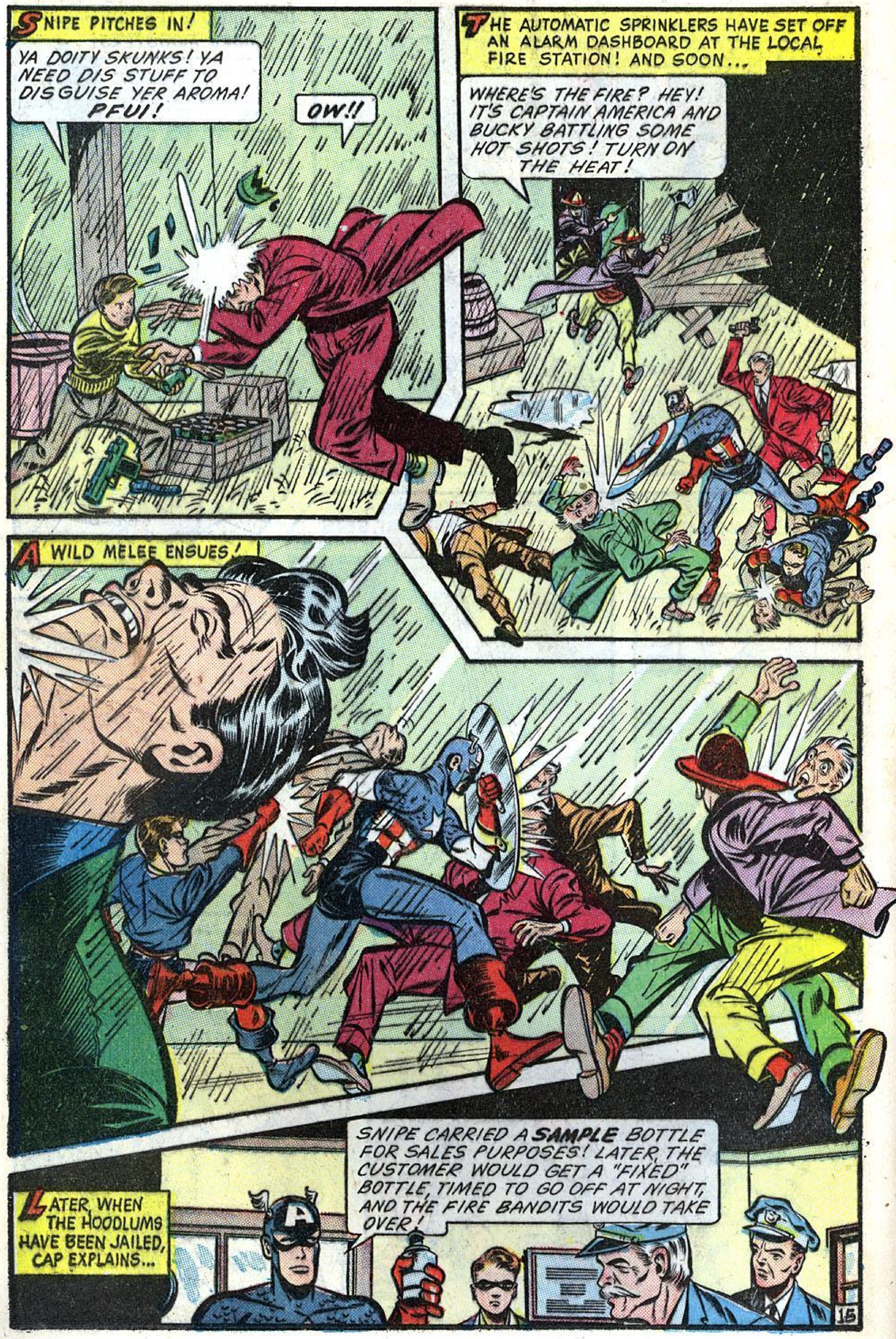

AND AS CAP AND BUCKY RUSH OUT INTO THE HALL!
HIT THE DECK!
YOW!
WOW! WHAT IF THAT THING HIT ONE OF US!
IT'D CRACK OUR SKULLS LIKE EGGSHELLS!
WATCHING, WAITING HIS CHANCE, CAP SUDDENLY SPRINGS!
YA GOT IT, CAP! YA GOT IT!
LATER... WHEN THE FIRE IS UNDER CONTROL...
...AND THE PHONY FIREMEN WERE CROOKS!
HMMM... IN THE LAST FIVE FIRES, THE APARTMENTS WERE BURGLARIZED! BUT WE CAN'T CHECK ON CROOKS DRESSED AS FIREMEN, WHEN WE'RE BUSY SAVING LIVES!
ANOTHER STRANGE THING--- THESE FIRES ALWAYS START IN BEDROOMS, NEAR THE LADIES' DRESSING TABLES!
SO I SEE! PERFUMES, CREAMS, POWDERS... ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE!
AS THE FIRE MARSHALL LEAVES...
FUNNY THING TO BE HERE! LOOKS LIKE A KID'S PEA-SHOOTER!

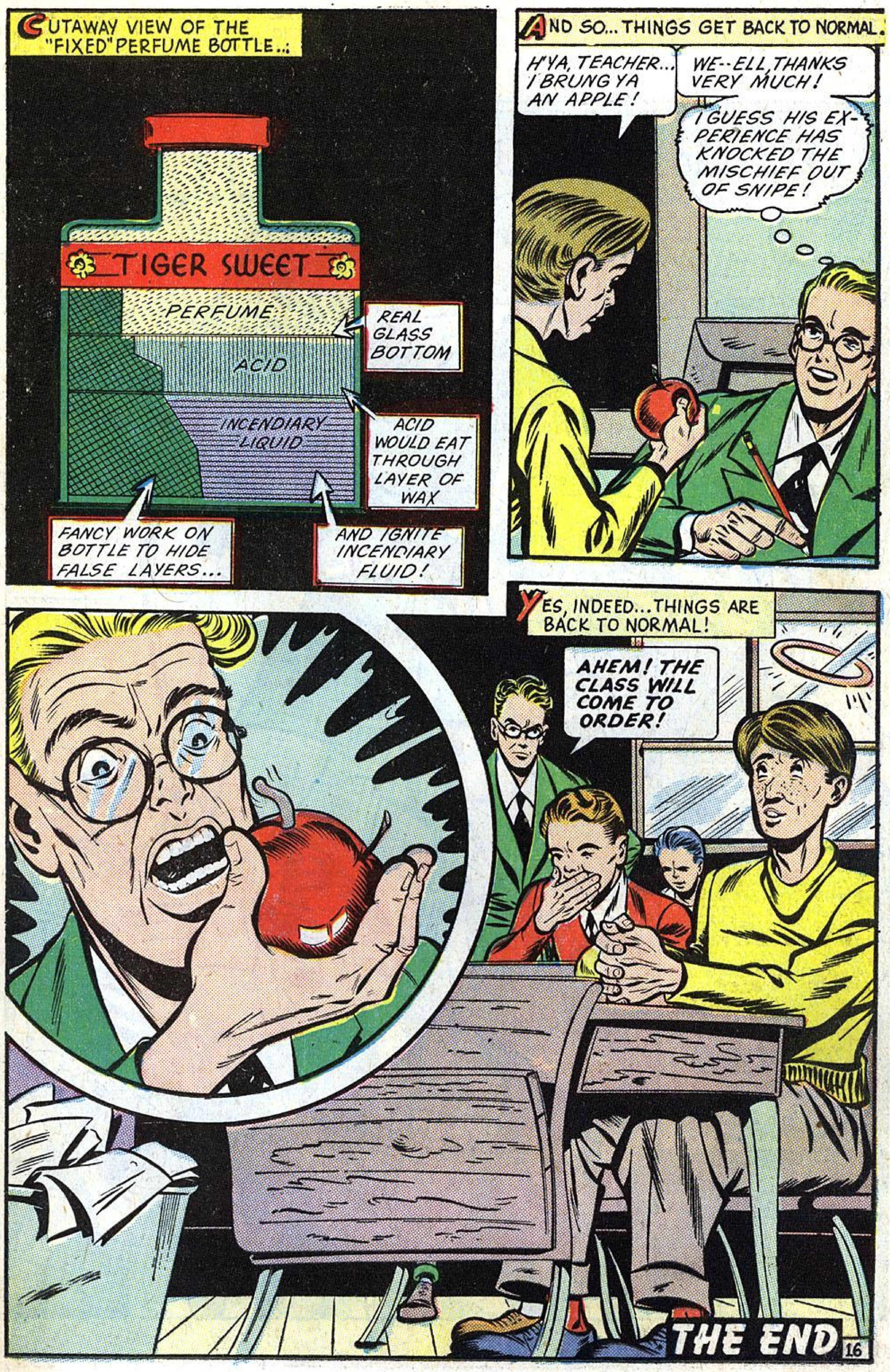

NEXT DAY, IN CLASS...
MR. ROGERS, DID YA FIND ME PEA-SHOOTER? I TINK I DROPPED IT IN DE CLASSROOM!
IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE YOU DROPPED IT ELSEWHERE!
AFTER CLASS IS OVER...
STEVE, LOOK! SNIPE'S TALKING TO THREE MEN...THEY LOOK LIKE THE THUGS WE TANGLED WITH LAST NIGHT!
A SWITCH TO ACTION GARB, AND...
IT SEEMS WE'VE MET BEFORE! I NEVER FORGET A JAW!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU INTERFERING BRAT! I'LL...OW!
MISSED, BIG BOY!
CHEE! IMAGINE ME SEEIN' DE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA IN ACTION!
BUT SNIPE IS NOT THE ONLY KID TO SPOT THE FAMOUS DUO...
HEY, GANG! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

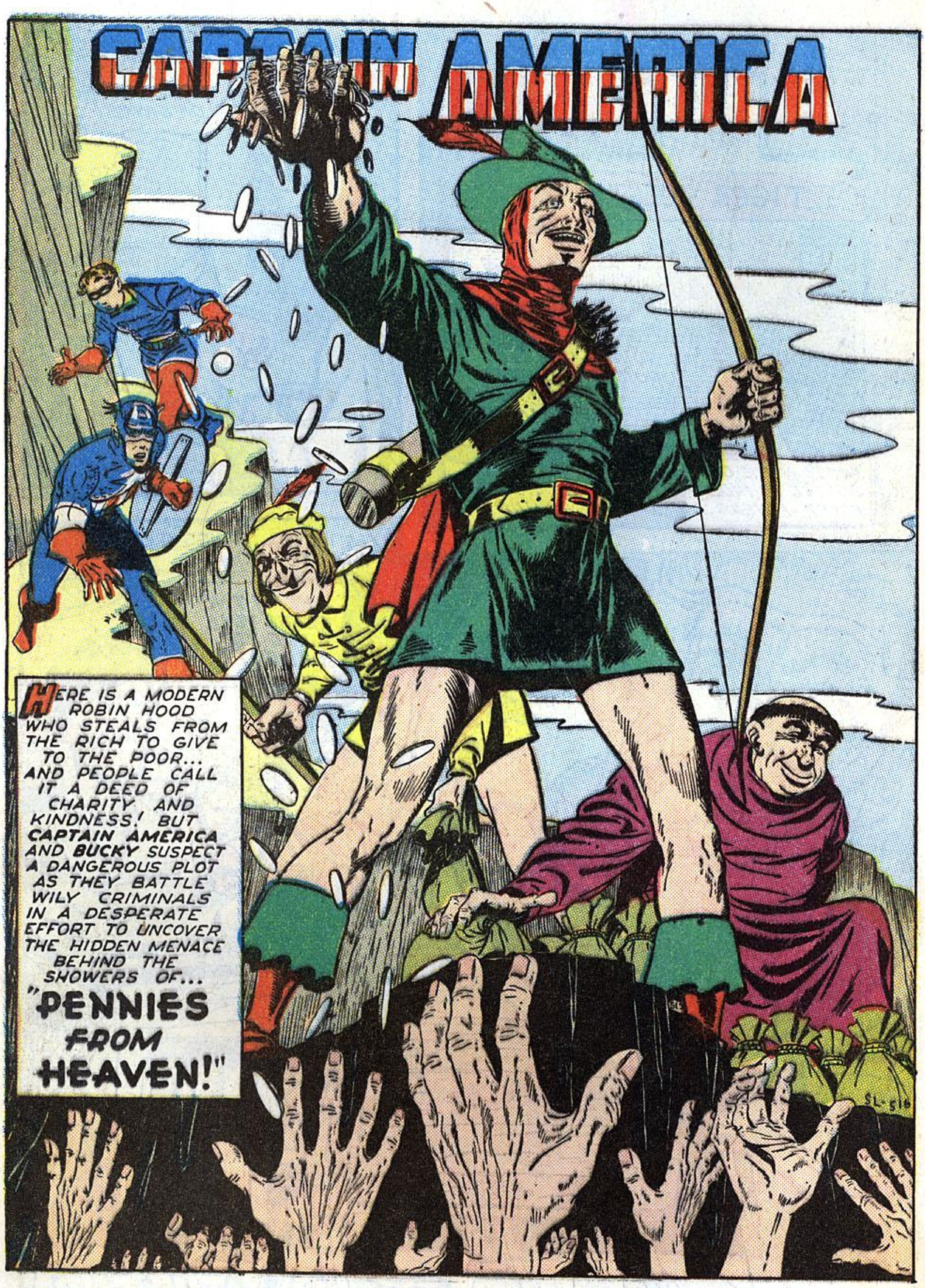

CAP AND BUCKY SPRINT AFTER THE FLEEING THUGS, BUT THEY DON'T GET FAR...
THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
KIN I HAVE YOUR AUTY-GRAPH? GEE! LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES!
LATER, AT HOME...
D'YA SUPPOSE SNIPE IS IN WITH THOSE CROOKS?
HE COULD BE A PYROMANIAC WHO SETS FIRES FOR FUN! THE CROOKS FIND OUT WHERE, SO THEY COULD ROB THE SAME PLACES!
MRS. BIGGS, IN WHOSE APARTMENT THE FIRE STARTED, HAS NO CHILDREN. YET I FOUND A PEA-SHOOTER THERE! AND SNIPE'S IS MISSING! COINCIDENCE?
LET'S TALK TO SNIPE NOW!
SNIPE'S HOME...
I'M SNIPE'S TEACHER... MAY I COME IN?
HAS SNIPE'S MARKS FALLEN DOWN? HE WORKS SO HARD LATELY! I WONDER HOW HE DOES HIS HOME-WORK!
WITH MY JOB, AND MY LATE HUSBAND'S INSURANCE MONEY, WE BARELY MANAGE. BUT LATELY, SNIPE'S BEEN BRINGING HOME MONEY! HE SELLS PERFUME!
THE PERFUME! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT!
I'M SORRY SNIPE'S NOT IN... HE WAS READING, AND SUDDENLY RAN OUT!
A NEWSPAPER WITH SOMETHING TORN OUT! THIS BOOK SHOWS HIS EARNINGS AND ADDRESSES OF BUYERS OF HIS PERFUME!


OUTSIDE, STEVE CONSULTS A NEWSPAPER...
HERE'S WHAT SNIPE CLIPPED OUT... A LIST OF THE ADDRESSES WHERE THERE WERE FIRES!
FIRE MARSHALL WARNS OF OUTBREAK OF FIRES...
AND SNIPE'S SALESBOOK HAS **SOME** OF THE **SAME** ADDRESSES! THAT MEANS SNIPE IS **NOT** THE **ONLY** KID SELLING THAT PERFUME! THESE FIRE BANDITS MUST HAVE A WHOLE CREW OF KIDS!
MEANTIME, IN THE "TIGER SWEET" PERFUME PLANT...
WELL! OUR STAR SALESMAN! WHAT'S UP, SNIPE?
I BIN WONDERIN' WHY CAP'N AMERICA SAILED INTO YOUSE GUYS... ON ACCOUNT HE ONLY HOPS ON **CROOKS**!
DEN I SEE DIS STORY ABOUT DEM FIRES AN' ROBBERIES! AN' SOME O' DEM ADDRESSES IS DE SAME AS I SOLD **POI-FUME** TO!
DEM POI-FUMES US KIDS SELL START DOSE FIRES, SO'S YOU KIN SWIPE STUFF! **DAT'S WHY CAPTAIN AMERICA WUZ AFTER YOU!**
THE KID'S WISE... **TOO** WISE!
SUDDENLY!
YAHOO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!


THANKS FOR HAVING THE ADDRESS OF THIS PLACE IN YOUR SALESBOOK, SNIPE! IT SURE HELPED!
JEEPERS!
THEN, FROM ANOTHER ROOM, MORE MOBSTERS!
IT'S SIX AGAINST TWO... LET'S TAKE 'EM, BOYS!
CHEE, CAP AN' BUCKY ARE IN TROUBLE, AN' IT'S ALL ME FAULT! HEY... DIS DART! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
UNNOTICED, SNIPE WRAPS A HANKY AROUND THE DART, SETS FIRE TO IT, THEN WINGS IT UPWARDS!
SAY YER PRAYERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA... THIS IS IT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THEN, INSIDE THE BUILDING, RAIN! THE FLAMING DART HAS SET OFF THE AUTOMATIC FIRE SPRINKLERS!
HEY..! WHAT TH...!


SNIPE PITCHES IN!
YA DOITY SKUNKS! YA NEED DIS STUFF TO DISGUISE YER AROMA! PFUI!
OW!!
THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS HAVE SET OFF AN ALARM DASHBOARD AT THE LOCAL FIRE STATION! AND SOON...
WHERE'S THE FIRE? HEY! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BATTLING SOME HOT SHOTS! TURN ON THE HEAT!
A WILD MELEE ENSUES!
LATER WHEN THE HOODLUMS HAVE BEEN JAILED, CAP EXPLAINS...
SNIPE CARRIED A SAMPLE BOTTLE FOR SALES PURPOSES! LATER THE CUSTOMER WOULD GET A "FIXED" BOTTLE, TIMED TO GO OFF AT NIGHT, AND THE FIRE BANDITS WOULD TAKE OVER!


CUTAWAY VIEW OF THE "FIXED" PERFUME BOTTLE..:
TIGER SWEET
PERFUME
ACID
INCENDIARY LIQUID
REAL GLASS BOTTOM
ACID WOULD EAT THROUGH LAYER OF WAX
FANCY WORK ON BOTTLE TO HIDE FALSE LAYERS...
AND IGNITE INCENDIARY FLUID!
AND SO... THINGS GET BACK TO NORMAL.
H'YA, TEACHER... I BRUNG YA AN APPLE!
WE--ELL, THANKS VERY MUCH!
I GUESS HIS EXPERIENCE HAS KNOCKED THE MISCHIEF OUT OF SNIPE!
YES, INDEED... THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL!
AHEM! THE CLASS WILL COME TO ORDER!
THE END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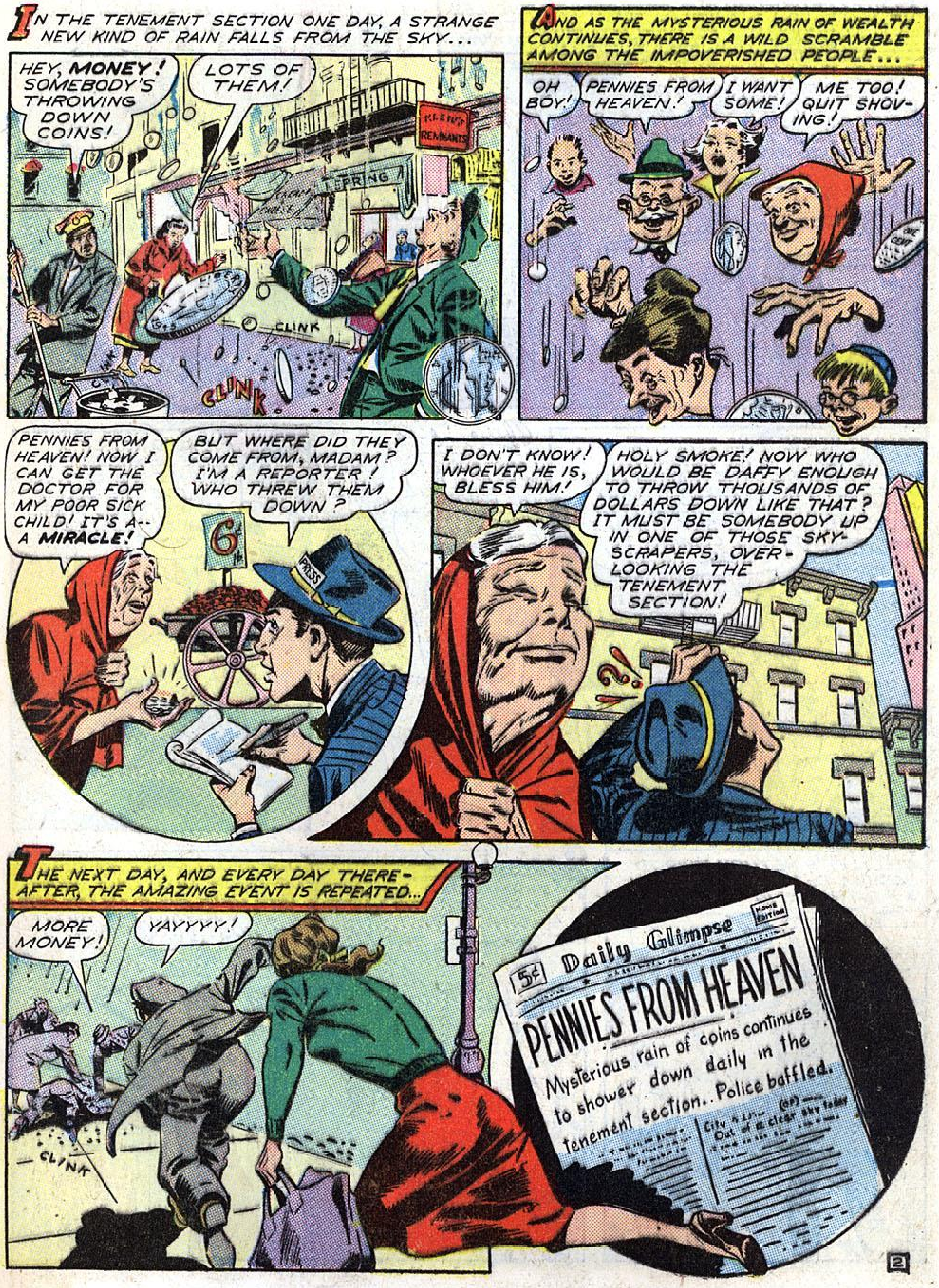
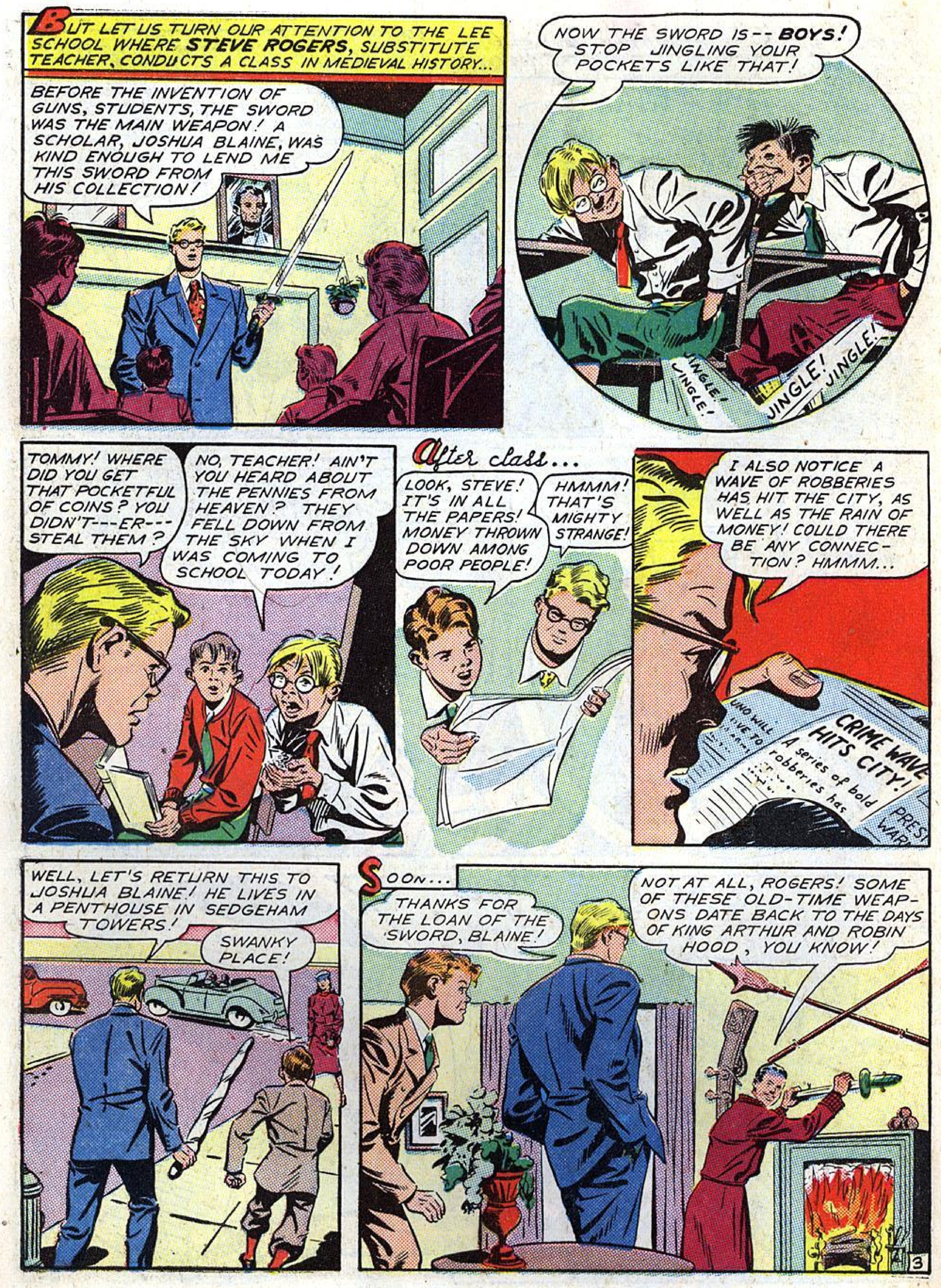
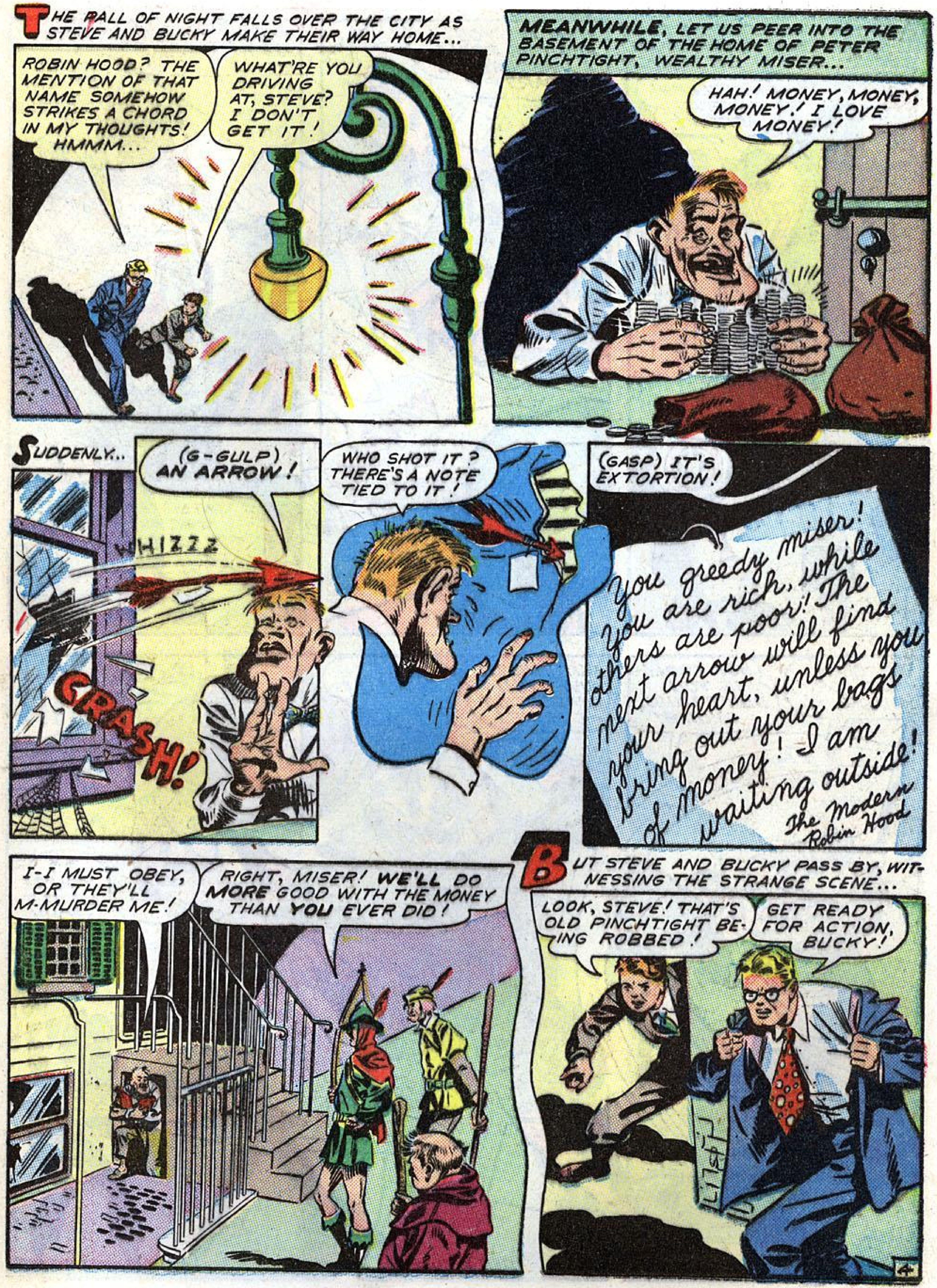
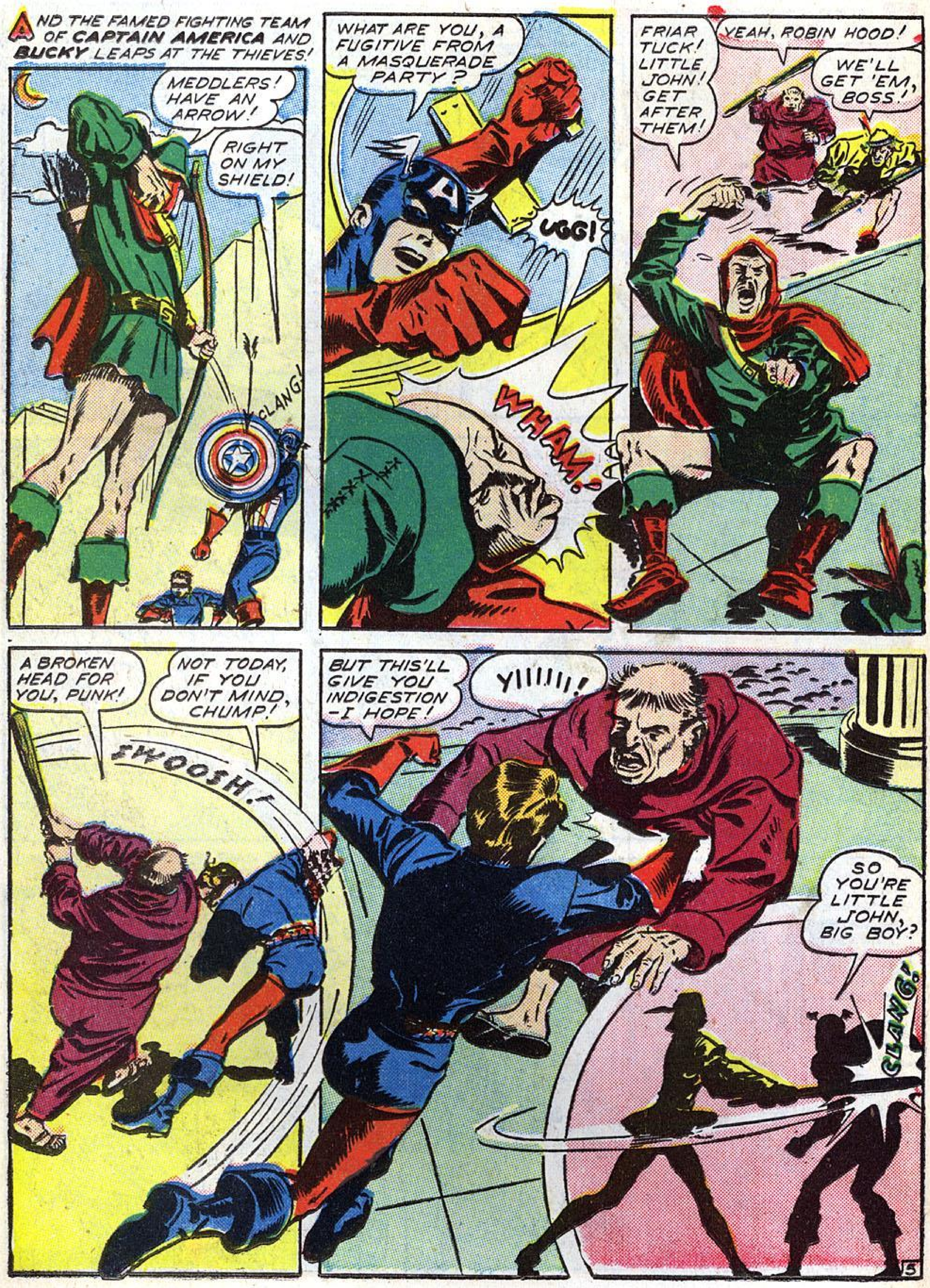
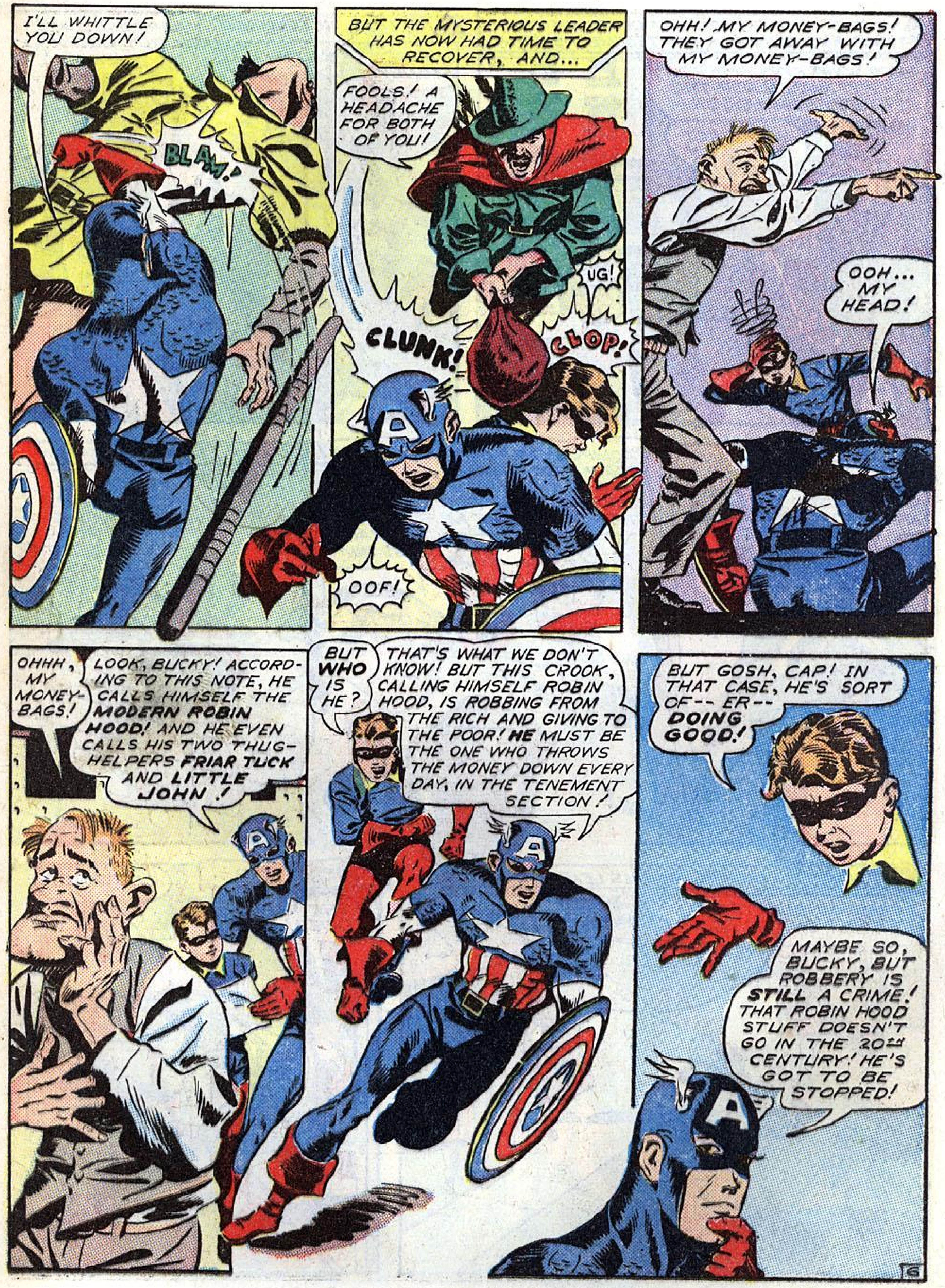
SL-516

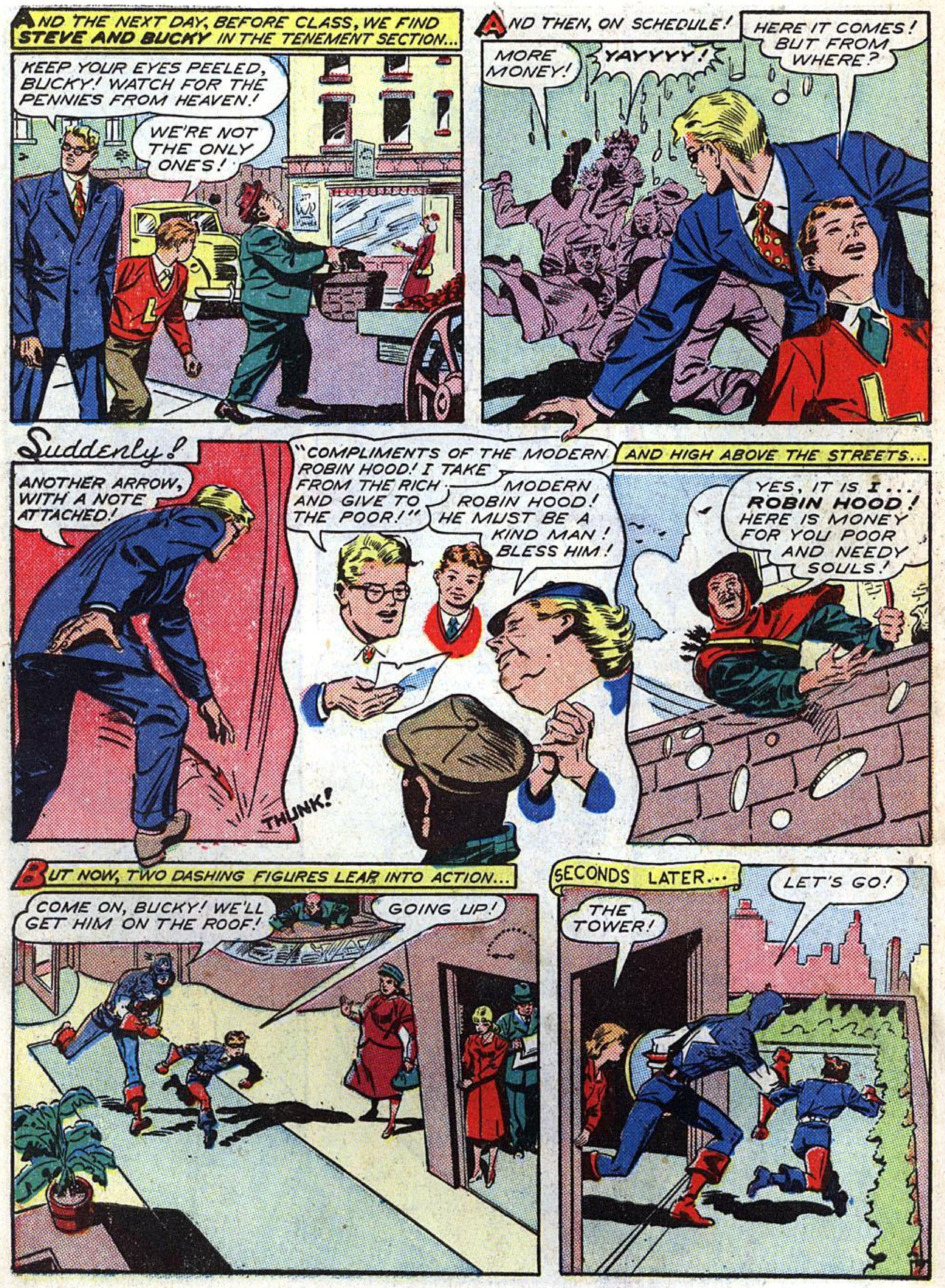

IN THE TENEMENT SECTION ONE DAY, A STRANGE NEW KIND OF RAIN FALLS FROM THE SKY...
HEY, MONEY! SOMEBODY'S THROWING DOWN COINS!
LOTS OF THEM!
KLEIN'S REMNANTS
SPRING
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
AND AS THE MYSTERIOUS RAIN OF WEALTH CONTINUES, THERE IS A WILD SCRAMBLE AMONG THE IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE...
OH BOY!
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!
I WANT SOME!
ME TOO! QUIT SHOVING!
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN! NOW I CAN GET THE DOCTOR FOR MY POOR SICK CHILD! IT'S A-- A MIRACLE!
BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, MADAM? I'M A REPORTER! WHO THREW THEM DOWN?
6¢
PRESS
I DON'T KNOW! WHOEVER HE IS, BLESS HIM!
HOLY SMOKE! NOW WHO WOULD BE DAFFY ENOUGH TO THROW THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS DOWN LIKE THAT? IT MUST BE SOMEBODY UP IN ONE OF THOSE SKYSCRAPERS, OVERLOOKING THE TENEMENT SECTION!
?!
THE NEXT DAY, AND EVERY DAY THEREAFTER, THE AMAZING EVENT IS REPEATED...
MORE MONEY!
YAYYYY!
CLINK
Daily Glimpse
HOME EDITION
5¢
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
Mysterious rain of coins continues to shower down daily in the tenement section.. Police baffled.

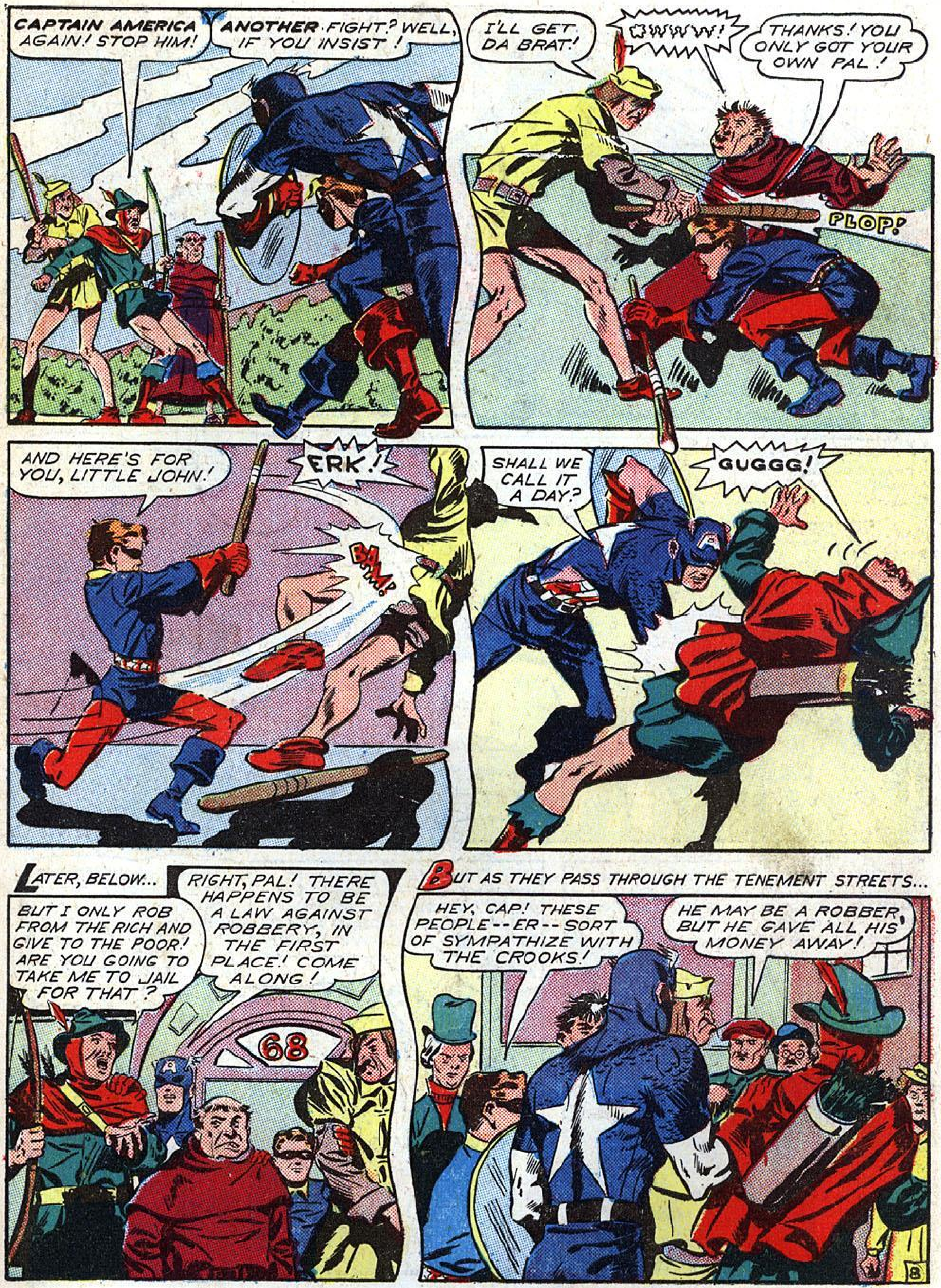

BUT LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE LEE SCHOOL WHERE **STEVE ROGERS**, SUBSTITUTE TEACHER, CONDUCTS A CLASS IN MEDIEVAL HISTORY...
BEFORE THE INVENTION OF GUNS, STUDENTS, THE SWORD WAS THE MAIN WEAPON! A SCHOLAR, JOSHUA BLAINE, WAS KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME THIS SWORD FROM HIS COLLECTION!
NOW THE SWORD IS-- **BOYS!** STOP JINGLING YOUR POCKETS LIKE THAT!
JINGLE! JINGLE!
JINGLE! JINGLE!
TOMMY! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT POCKETFUL OF COINS? YOU DIDN'T---ER---STEAL THEM?
NO, TEACHER! AIN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE PENNIES FROM HEAVEN? THEY FELL DOWN FROM THE SKY WHEN I WAS COMING TO SCHOOL TODAY!
After class...
LOOK, STEVE! IT'S IN ALL THE PAPERS! MONEY THROWN DOWN AMONG POOR PEOPLE!
HMMM! THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE!
I ALSO NOTICE A WAVE OF ROBBERIES HAS HIT THE CITY, AS WELL AS THE RAIN OF MONEY! COULD THERE BE ANY CONNECTION? HMMM...
CRIME WAVE HITS CITY!
A series of bold robberies has
WELL, LET'S RETURN THIS TO JOSHUA BLAINE! HE LIVES IN A PENTHOUSE IN SEDGEHAM TOWERS!
SWANKY PLACE!
SOON...
THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF THE SWORD, BLAINE!
NOT AT ALL, ROGERS! SOME OF THESE OLD-TIME WEAPONS DATE BACK TO THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR AND ROBIN HOOD, YOU KNOW!

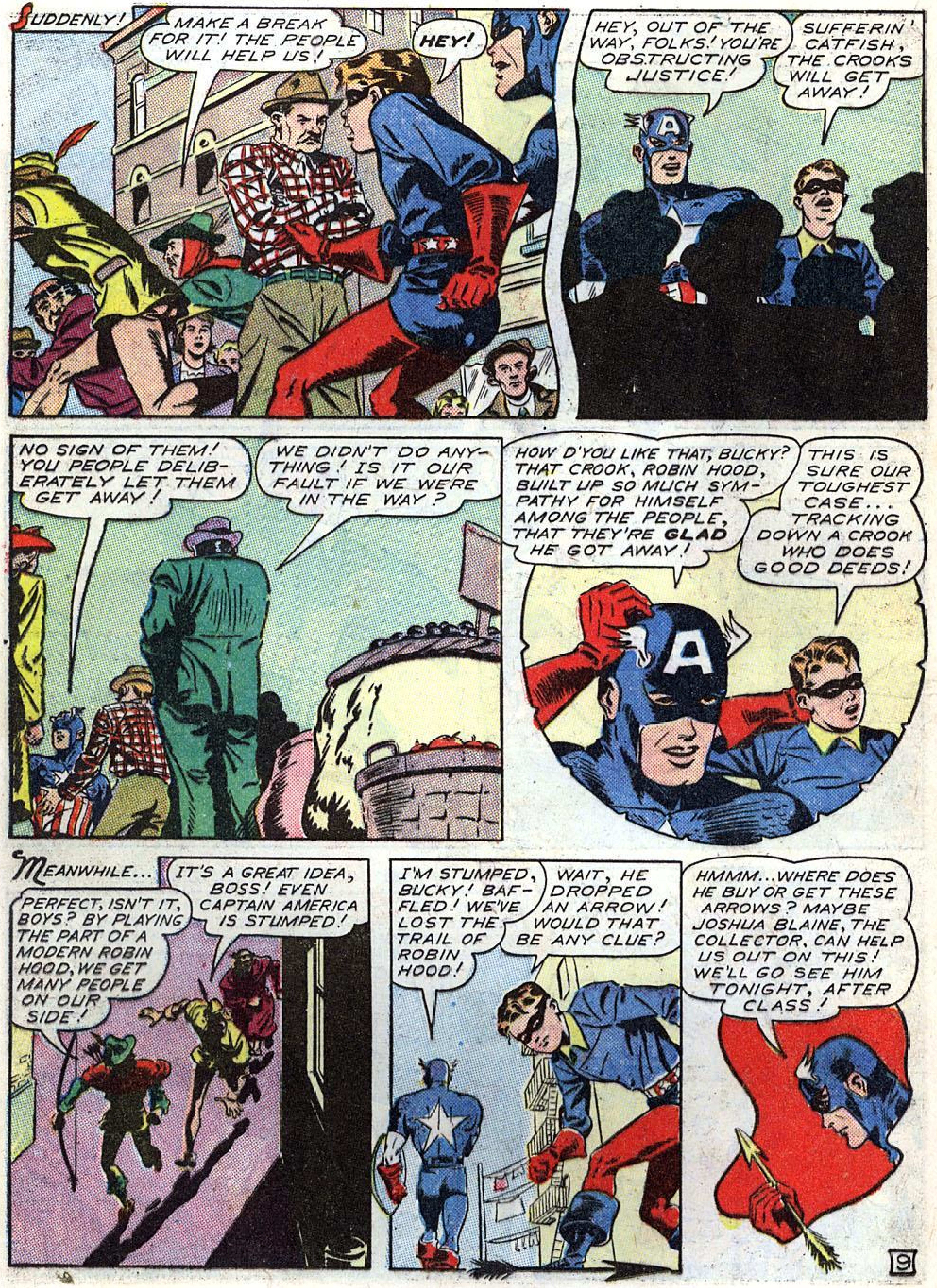

THE PALL OF NIGHT FALLS OVER THE CITY AS STEVE AND BUCKY MAKE THEIR WAY HOME...
ROBIN HOOD? THE MENTION OF THAT NAME SOMEHOW STRIKES A CHORD IN MY THOUGHTS! HMMM...
WHAT'RE YOU DRIVING AT, STEVE? I DON'T GET IT!
MEANWHILE, LET US PEER INTO THE BASEMENT OF THE HOME OF PETER PINCHTIGHT, WEALTHY MISER...
HAH! MONEY, MONEY, MONEY! I LOVE MONEY!
SUDDENLY...
(G-GULP) AN ARROW!
WHIZZZ
CRASH!
WHO SHOT IT? THERE'S A NOTE TIED TO IT!
(GASP) IT'S EXTORTION!
You greedy miser! You are rich, while others are poor! The next arrow will find your heart, unless you bring out your bags of money! I am waiting outside!
The Modern Robin Hood
I-I MUST OBEY, OR THEY'LL M-MURDER ME!
RIGHT, MISER! WE'LL DO MORE GOOD WITH THE MONEY THAN YOU EVER DID!
BUT STEVE AND BUCKY PASS BY, WITNESSING THE STRANGE SCENE...
LOOK, STEVE! THAT'S OLD PINCHTIGHT BEING ROBBED!
GET READY FOR ACTION, BUCKY!
4

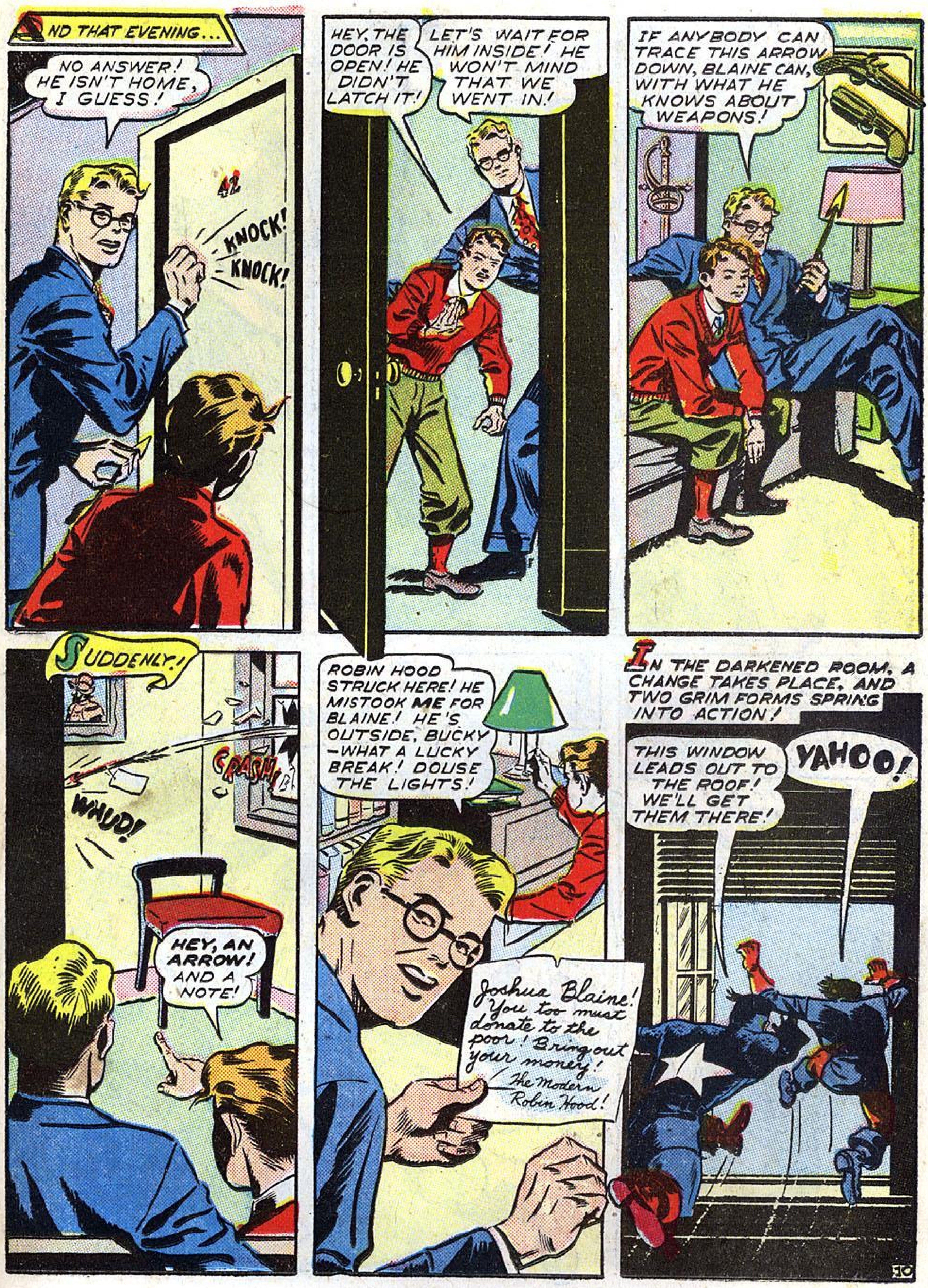

AND THE FAMED FIGHTING TEAM OF **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** LEAPS AT THE THIEVES!
MEDDLERS! HAVE AN ARROW!
RIGHT ON MY SHIELD!
CLANG!
WHAT ARE YOU, A FUGITIVE FROM A MASQUERADE PARTY?
UGG!
WHAM!
FRIAR TUCK! LITTLE JOHN! GET AFTER THEM!
YEAH, ROBIN HOOD!
WE'LL GET 'EM, BOSS!
A BROKEN HEAD FOR YOU, PUNK!
NOT TODAY, IF YOU DON'T MIND, CHUMP!
SWOOSH!
BUT THIS'LL GIVE YOU INDIGESTION -I HOPE!
YIIIIII!
SO YOU'RE LITTLE JOHN, BIG BOY?
CLANG!

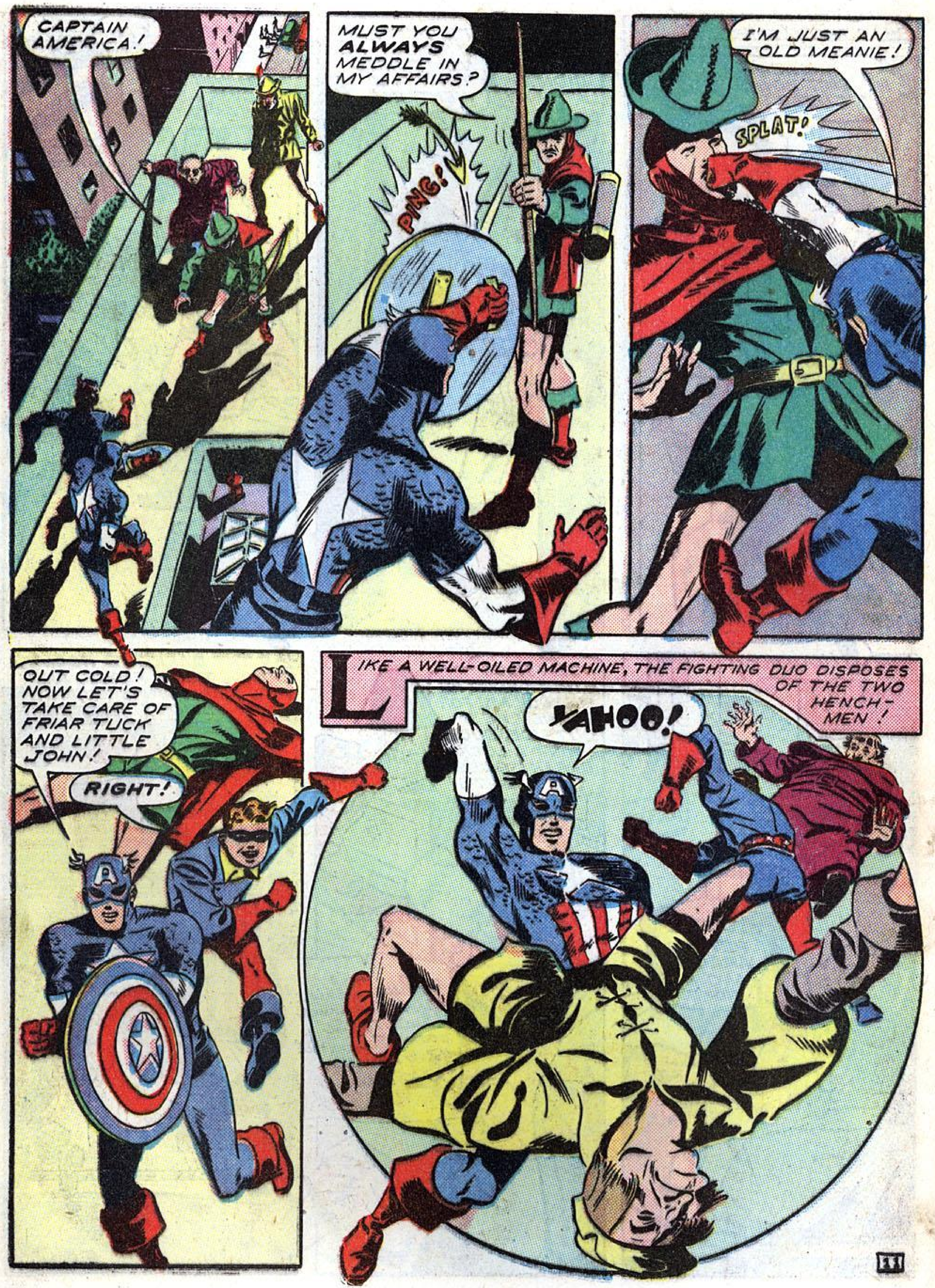

I'LL WHITTLE YOU DOWN!
BLAM!
BUT THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER HAS NOW HAD TIME TO RECOVER, AND...
FOOLS! A HEADACHE FOR BOTH OF YOU!
UG!
CLUNK!
CLOP!
OOF!
OHH! MY MONEY-BAGS! THEY GOT AWAY WITH MY MONEY-BAGS!
OOH... MY HEAD!
OHHH, MY MONEY-BAGS!
LOOK, BUCKY! ACCORDING TO THIS NOTE, HE CALLS HIMSELF THE **MODERN ROBIN HOOD!** AND HE EVEN CALLS HIS TWO THUG-HELPERS **FRIAR TUCK** AND **LITTLE JOHN**!
BUT **WHO** IS HE?
THAT'S WHAT WE DON'T KNOW! BUT THIS CROOK, CALLING HIMSELF ROBIN HOOD, IS ROBBING FROM THE RICH AND GIVING TO THE POOR! **HE** MUST BE THE ONE WHO THROWS THE MONEY DOWN EVERY DAY, IN THE TENEMENT SECTION!
BUT GOSH, CAP! IN THAT CASE, HE'S SORT OF -- ER -- **DOING GOOD!**
MAYBE SO, BUCKY, BUT ROBBERY IS **STILL** A CRIME! THAT ROBIN HOOD STUFF DOESN'T GO IN THE 20TH CENTURY! HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

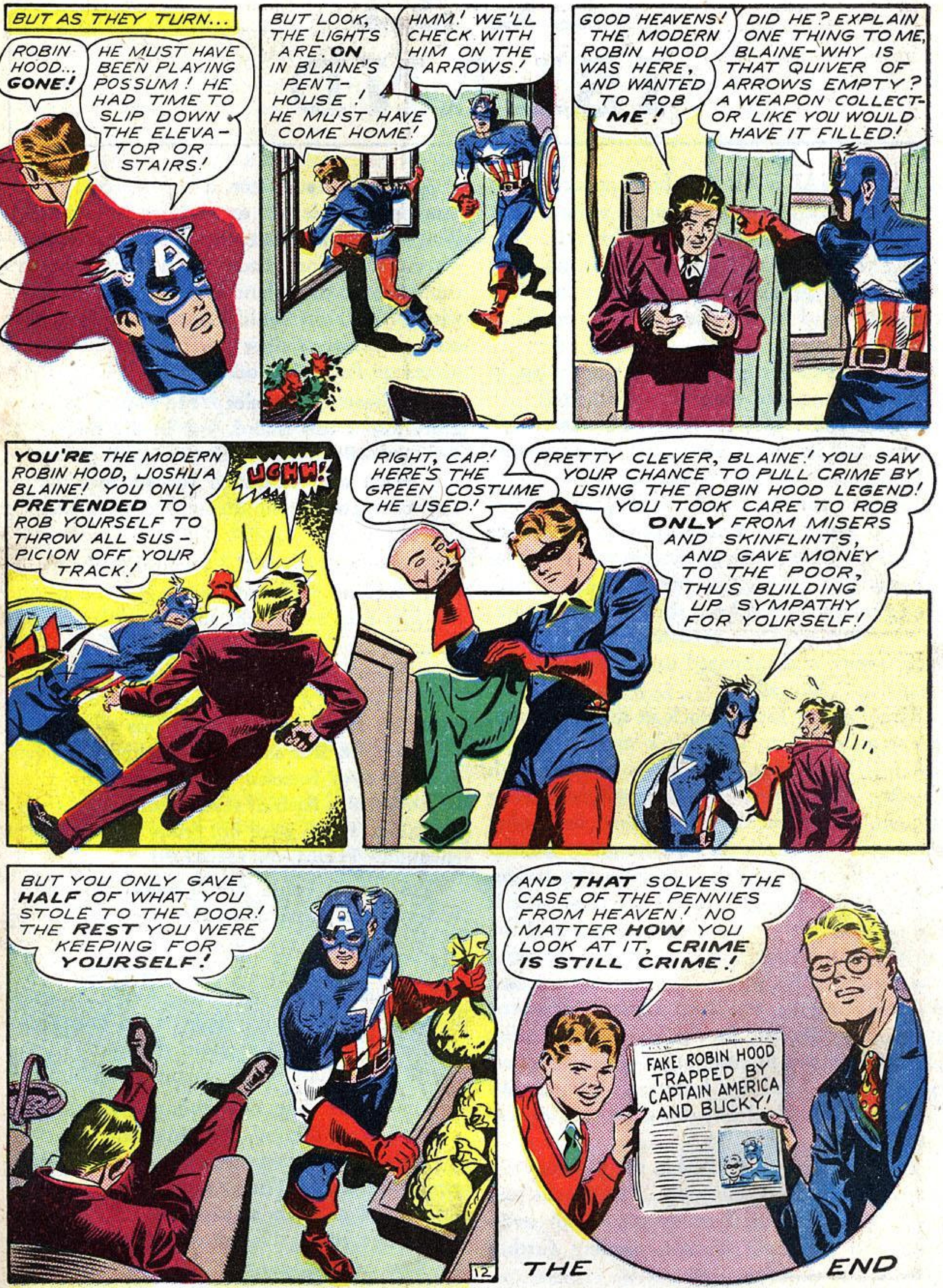

AND THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE CLASS, WE FIND STEVE AND BUCKY IN THE TENEMENT SECTION...
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BUCKY! WATCH FOR THE PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!
WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES!
AND THEN, ON SCHEDULE!
MORE MONEY!
YAYYYY!
HERE IT COMES! BUT FROM WHERE?
Suddenly!
ANOTHER ARROW, WITH A NOTE ATTACHED!
THUNK!
"COMPLIMENTS OF THE MODERN ROBIN HOOD! I TAKE FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"
MODERN ROBIN HOOD! HE MUST BE A KIND MAN! BLESS HIM!
AND HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS...
YES, IT IS I... ROBIN HOOD! HERE IS MONEY FOR YOU POOR AND NEEDY SOULS!
BUT NOW, TWO DASHING FIGURES LEAP INTO ACTION...
COME ON, BUCKY! WE'LL GET HIM ON THE ROOF!
GOING UP!
SECONDS LATER...
THE TOWER!
LET'S GO!


CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN! STOP HIM!
ANOTHER FIGHT? WELL, IF YOU INSIST!
I'LL GET DA BRAT!
OWWW!
THANKS! YOU ONLY GOT YOUR OWN PAL!
PLOP!
AND HERE'S FOR YOU, LITTLE JOHN!
ERK!
BAM!
SHALL WE CALL IT A DAY?
GUGGG!
LATER, BELOW...
BUT I ONLY ROB FROM THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAIL FOR THAT?
RIGHT, PAL! THERE HAPPENS TO BE A LAW AGAINST ROBBERY, IN THE FIRST PLACE! COME ALONG!
68
BUT AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE TENEMENT STREETS...
HEY, CAP! THESE PEOPLE--ER--SORT OF SYMPATHIZE WITH THE CROOKS!
HE MAY BE A ROBBER, BUT HE GAVE ALL HIS MONEY AWAY!


SUDDENLY!
MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! THE PEOPLE WILL HELP US!
HEY!
HEY, OUT OF THE WAY, FOLKS! YOU'RE OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE!
SUFFERIN' CATFISH, THE CROOKS WILL GET AWAY!
NO SIGN OF THEM! YOU PEOPLE DELIBERATELY LET THEM GET AWAY!
WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! IS IT OUR FAULT IF WE WERE IN THE WAY?
HOW D'YOU LIKE THAT, BUCKY? THAT CROOK, ROBIN HOOD, BUILT UP SO MUCH SYMPATHY FOR HIMSELF AMONG THE PEOPLE, THAT THEY'RE **GLAD** HE GOT AWAY!
THIS IS SURE OUR TOUGHEST CASE... TRACKING DOWN A CROOK WHO DOES GOOD DEEDS!
MEANWHILE...
PERFECT, ISN'T IT, BOYS? BY PLAYING THE PART OF A MODERN ROBIN HOOD, WE GET MANY PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE!
IT'S A GREAT IDEA, BOSS! EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA IS STUMPED!
I'M STUMPED, BUCKY! BAFFLED! WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL OF ROBIN HOOD!
WAIT, HE DROPPED AN ARROW! WOULD THAT BE ANY CLUE?
HMMM... WHERE DOES HE BUY OR GET THESE ARROWS? MAYBE JOSHUA BLAINE, THE COLLECTOR, CAN HELP US OUT ON THIS! WE'LL GO SEE HIM TONIGHT, AFTER CLASS!


AND THAT EVENING...
NO ANSWER! HE ISN'T HOME, I GUESS!
42
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HEY, THE DOOR IS OPEN! HE DIDN'T LATCH IT!
LET'S WAIT FOR HIM INSIDE! HE WON'T MIND THAT WE WENT IN!
IF ANYBODY CAN TRACE THIS ARROW DOWN, BLAINE CAN, WITH WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT WEAPONS!
SUDDENLY!
CRASH!
WHUD!
HEY, AN ARROW! AND A NOTE!
ROBIN HOOD STRUCK HERE! HE MISTOOK ME FOR BLAINE! HE'S OUTSIDE, BUCKY —WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! DOUSE THE LIGHTS!
Joshua Blaine! You too must donate to the poor! Bring out your money! The Modern Robin Hood!
IN THE DARKENED ROOM, A CHANGE TAKES PLACE, AND TWO GRIM FORMS SPRING INTO ACTION!
THIS WINDOW LEADS OUT TO THE ROOF! WE'LL GET THEM THERE!
YAHOO!


CAPTAIN AMERICA!
MUST YOU **ALWAYS** MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS?
PING!
I'M JUST AN OLD MEANIE!
SPLAT!
OUT COLD! NOW LET'S TAKE CARE OF FRIAR TUCK AND LITTLE JOHN!
RIGHT!
LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE, THE FIGHTING DUO DISPOSES OF THE TWO HENCH-MEN!
YAHOO!


BUT AS THEY TURN...
ROBIN HOOD... GONE!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING POSSUM! HE HAD TIME TO SLIP DOWN THE ELEVATOR OR STAIRS!
BUT LOOK, THE LIGHTS ARE ON IN BLAINE'S PENTHOUSE! HE MUST HAVE COME HOME!
HMM! WE'LL CHECK WITH HIM ON THE ARROWS!
GOOD HEAVENS! THE MODERN ROBIN HOOD WAS HERE, AND WANTED TO ROB ME!
DID HE? EXPLAIN ONE THING TO ME, BLAINE–WHY IS THAT QUIVER OF ARROWS EMPTY? A WEAPON COLLECTOR LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE IT FILLED!
YOU'RE THE MODERN ROBIN HOOD, JOSHUA BLAINE! YOU ONLY PRETENDED TO ROB YOURSELF TO THROW ALL SUSPICION OFF YOUR TRACK!
UGHH!
RIGHT, CAP! HERE'S THE GREEN COSTUME HE USED!
PRETTY CLEVER, BLAINE! YOU SAW YOUR CHANCE TO PULL CRIME BY USING THE ROBIN HOOD LEGEND! YOU TOOK CARE TO ROB ONLY FROM MISERS AND SKINFLINTS, AND GAVE MONEY TO THE POOR, THUS BUILDING UP SYMPATHY FOR YOURSELF!
BUT YOU ONLY GAVE HALF OF WHAT YOU STOLE TO THE POOR! THE REST YOU WERE KEEPING FOR YOURSELF!
AND THAT SOLVES THE CASE OF THE PENNIES FROM HEAVEN! NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, CRIME IS STILL CRIME!
FAKE ROBIN HOOD TRAPPED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
12
THE END

LOST ISLAND

STEVE GALWAY was both an artist and a writer, and was planning to write a book of adventure and illustrate it himself. The setting was to be in the West Indies, and this cruise would give him the necessary information first hand of the life and the people of this section of the world.

Steve was to get his "story" all right, but in a different manner than he anticipated!

Before the vessel on which he was traveling reached its first port of call, an unseasonable tropical storm arose. Gigantic waves rolled over the ship, and everything that was not tied down was washed out as the waves withdrew. There was panic among the passengers. But Steve, for one, was calm. This young man who had been through the ravages of a terrible war, was used to any unforeseen happenings, and prepared to accept anything, even death, stoically.

Then, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it was apparent to the ship's master that all was lost. The life-boats were lowered with quaking passengers, and manned by strong seamen to strain at the oars against the raging sea, hoping to reach one of the many smaller islands which dotted the ocean in the Indies.

The sea rocked and rolled the life-boats. It was with almost superhuman strength that the burly seamen kept the boats from capsizing and tossing helpless passengers into the water. As time went on, the boats became separated at greater intervals in the sea. And finally, Steve's boat was floundering alone in the merciless waters. They had lost visual contact with the others who had left the doomed ship before them.

They remained huddled in the life-boat until dawn the next morning. The storm had finally passed over, leaving gray skies overhead and lightning flashes receding further away in the distance.

And then Steve, who had been gazing carefully in every direction, spotted a green mound on the horizon. LAND!

About an hour later, a small group of bedraggled people fell on the beach of a small island. Moments later, they were asleep. Complete exhaustion made them too weary to think about this island in the middle of nowhere . . . there would be plenty of time later on to think over their position and likelihood of rescue from this lonely spot.

But Steve did not sleep. He wanted to know more about this island, lost in the middle of the vast Atlantic. He left the small group on the beach and wandered inland, making his way over rocks and through ever-thickening shrubbery.

Breaking through the bushes, Steve finally came out into a clearing. As he glanced around him, he noticed certain small angular objects hanging from posts imbedded in the earth in this cleared spot. At first, Steve took these articles to be a certain type of fruit, hung there by some unknown persons to ripen in the sunlight. But as he approached the posts, and his eyes focused more clearly on these odd objects, a flash of realization sped through his mind. These were *not* fruits . . . they were shrunken HUMAN HEADS!

Yes, Steve could not mistake the human features on these miniature figures hanging in the sun. The eyeless sockets, tiny nose and ears, black strands of hair hanging loosely, the darkened and stretched skin . . . these were the unmistakable signs of the head-hunter's art! Not a very pleasant thought . . . this island was inhabited by vicious head-hunters!

There was but one thought now which entered Steve's mind. He must hurry back to his fellow passengers resting on the beach and warn them! They would have to get off this island as soon as possible, and certainly must hide themselves during their unwilling sojourn on the island.

And then came the second surprise of that day . . . as Steve rushed onto the beach, he took a few short steps and stopped short in his tracks. There was no one there . . . they had all disappeared!

As he came closer to the spot where he had left them resting in the sand, he noticed several small bird-feathers scattered at close intervals. The head-hunters had been there! These feathers had apparently fallen from their ornamented garments!

What could a single man do against a band of wild natives? This was his problem and he sat down in the sand to figure out what move he could make. A few minutes later, the answer came!

Steve had recalled a similar situation during the war, in Italy. Some of his buddies had been captured by an enemy patrol, and he had decided to try to rescue them before heading back toward his own lines. This situation was somewhat the same, and Steve only hoped it would work on this lost island, the way it had worked in Italy.

The first move was to locate the place where the prisoners were being held. Then, he would attempt to distract the enemy's attention and effect the rescue of his companions. Steve plunged into the forest, pursuing any signs he could spot which showed the trail his quarry had followed.

Moments later, Steve crouched behind a small tree, gazing with mounting horror at the scene before his eyes. His fellow passengers were bound to stakes . . . several natives in feathered costumes were in the process of preparing poisoned darts to be blown at their victims! And nearby boiled huge cauldrons of pitch, which also included a secret substance known only to head-hunters which would shrink the human heads immersed in it, and reduce the heads to the size of those seen by Steve earlier in the other clearing.

Steve was doing some fast thinking. Back in Italy, he had trailed his buddies in just such a manner and crouched behind a boulder as the enemy was about to shoot their prisoners in their usual cold-blooded fashion. At that time, Steve had sneaked in close enough to grab an enemy machine-gun which rested idly near the boulder. Then he had raked the several soldiers, who died quickly without fully realizing what had happened. So Steve had rescued his buddies.

And now, on this strange island, Steve's eyes fell upon a pile of poisoned darts which had been placed carelessly down on a nearby boulder. A thin blow-gun rested nearby. In fleet seconds, Steve had taken possession of these deadly weapons and returned to the security of the tree. The moment had come!

There were six natives there in this clearing, destined for some violent action. A quick series of whizzing sounds rent the air, and within ten seconds, five black figures lay prostrate on the ground, a dart imbedded in their hearts or heads! One remained. But already he had taken to flight, intent on escaping from the sudden death which came from thin air. But Steve had no intention of allowing this killer to reach his black companions on the other side of the island and raise an alarm! With swift steps he overtook the terrified native, lunged and brought him to the ground. Then, twisting his arm behind him, he led him back to the clearing. The prisoners were released, gratitude clearly expressed on their faces. They were lavish in their praise.

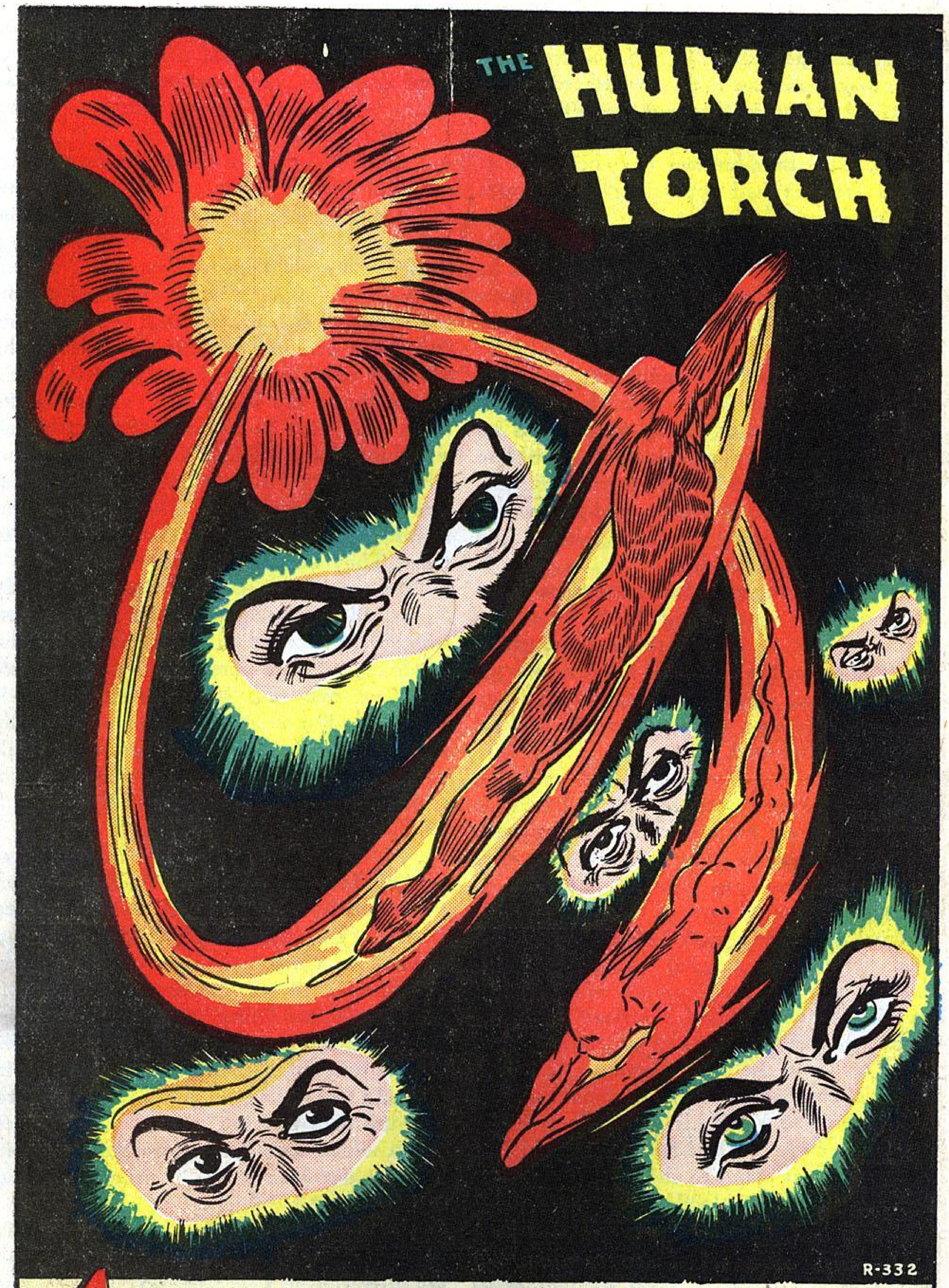
"No time for that now," Steve said stiffly. "This killer is going to do us a good turn, whether he likes it or not. Those shrunken heads I saw before were of natives, apparently friendly ones who inhabit nearby islands. These head-hunters must have attacked the other islands from time to time and brought back victims. And so, our 'chum' here is going to lead us to one of these friendly islands in his own boat!"

. . . Hours later, the weary band landed on a small island in the Indies. Among the group which waited on the beach for them were several of the other passengers of the doomed steam-ship. They had been more fortunate and found their way to this charted island.

The sole head-hunter who had accompanied Steve and his companions to this haven was turned over to the authorities. That night, around a table well-provisioned with food, they told the tales of their various misadventures with the elements. But all agreed that Steve was the hero of the group, although he tried to minimize his deed.

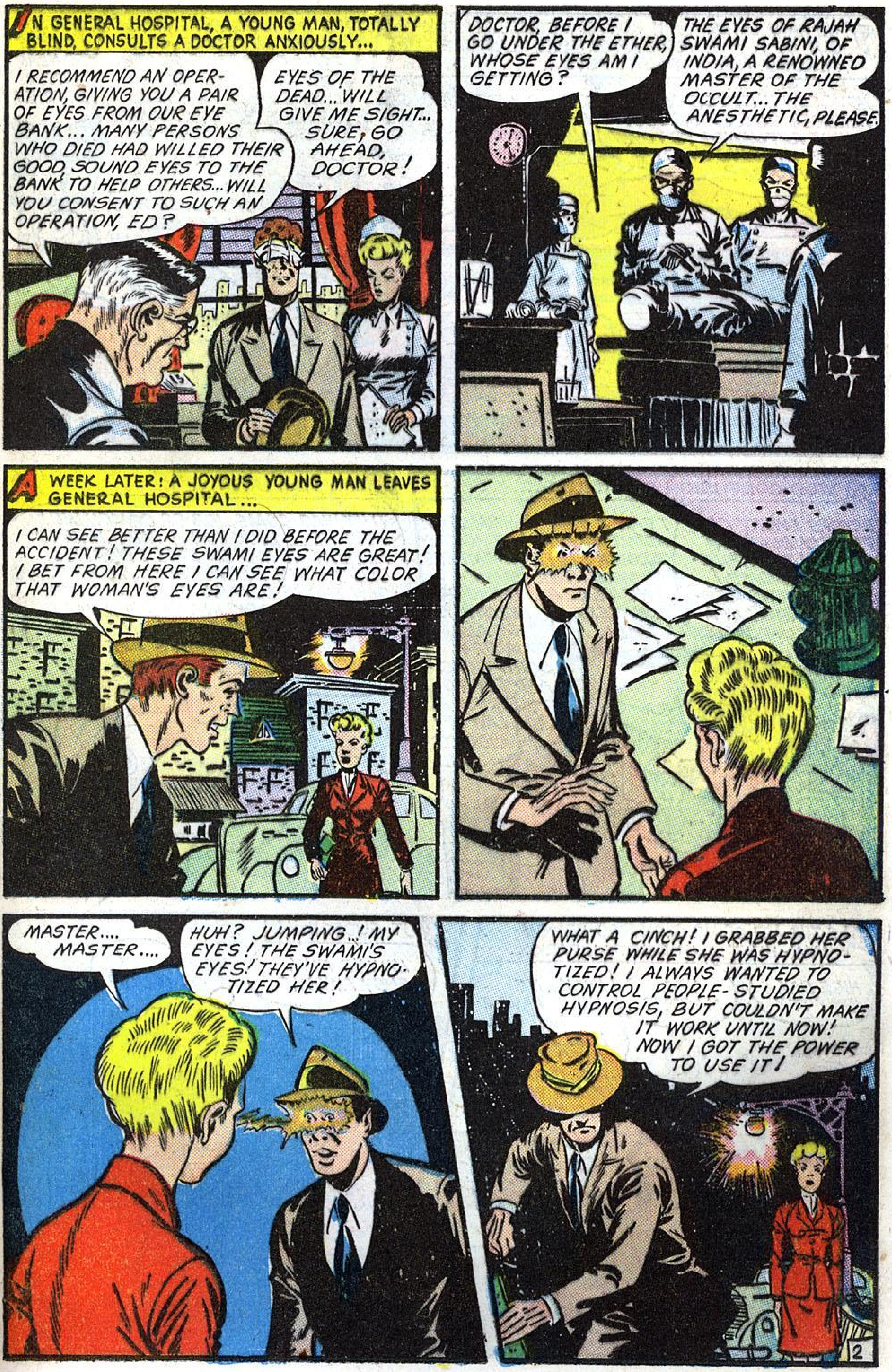
Anyway, Steve had his story for the book he wanted to write. That made him fully gratified with his adventure on the lost island! Somehow he had always felt that he would find the material he needed for that book somewhere in the West Indies, but he had *not* anticipated that *he himself* would be the hero of the story!

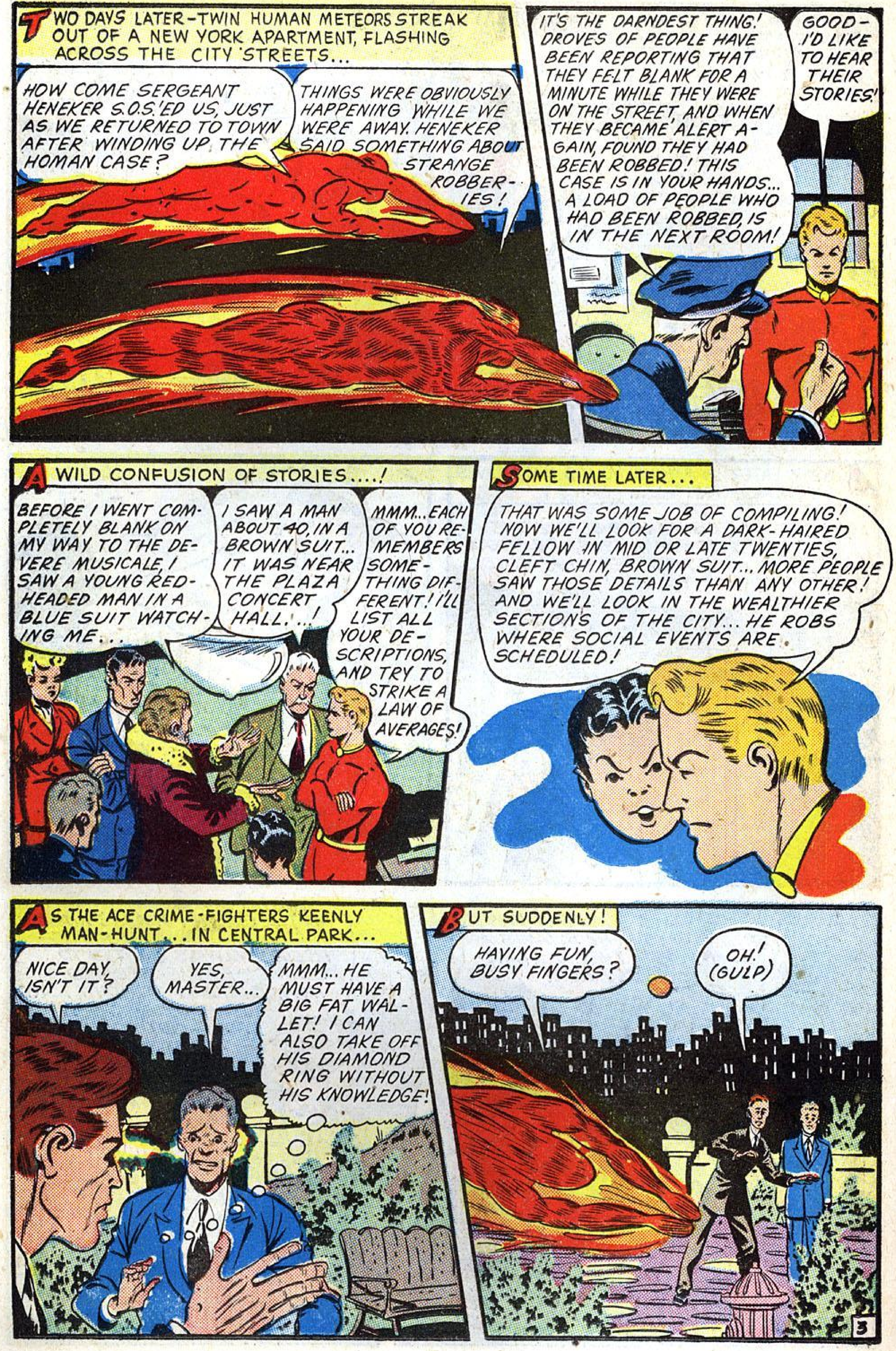
—THE END—

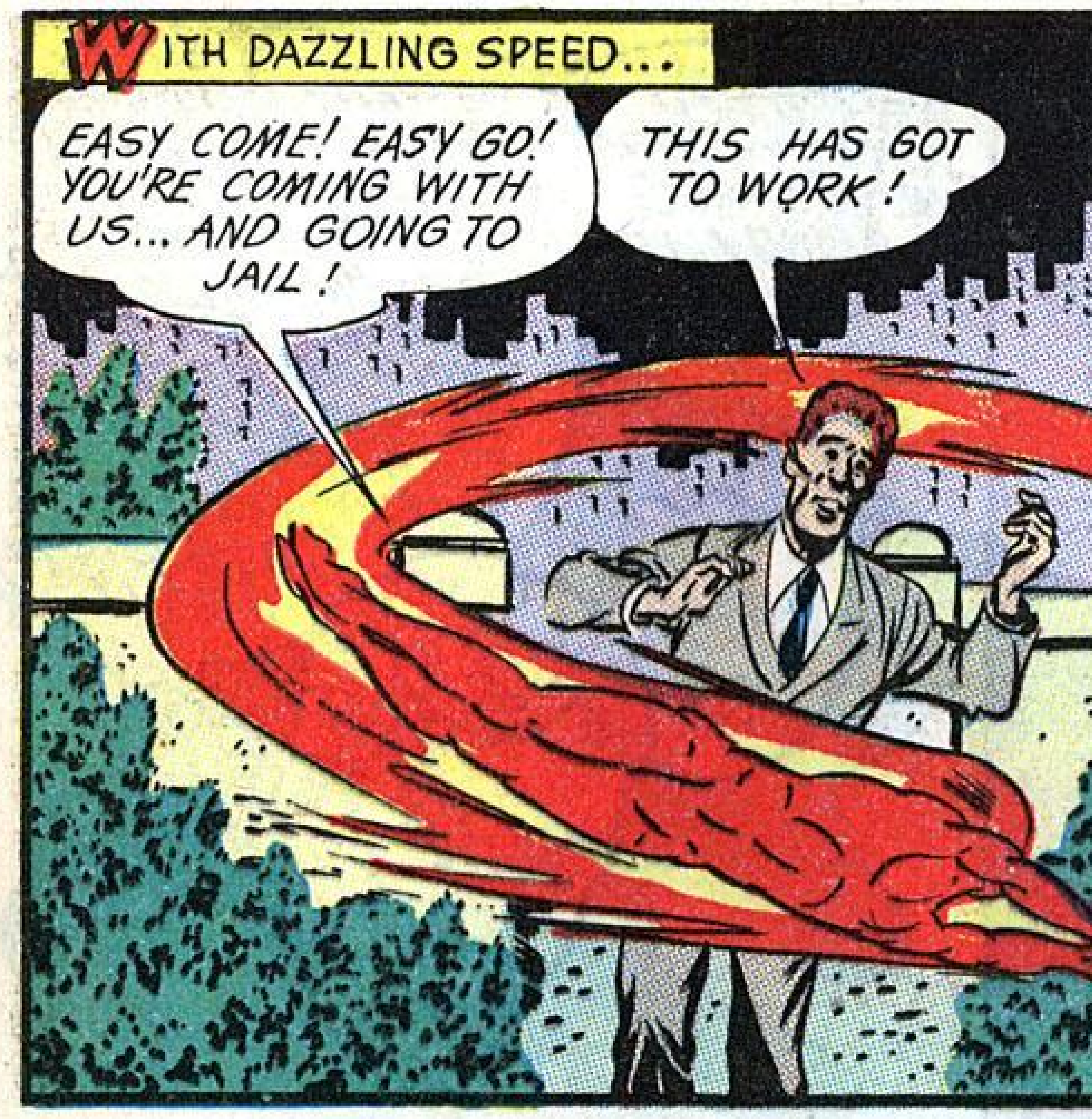


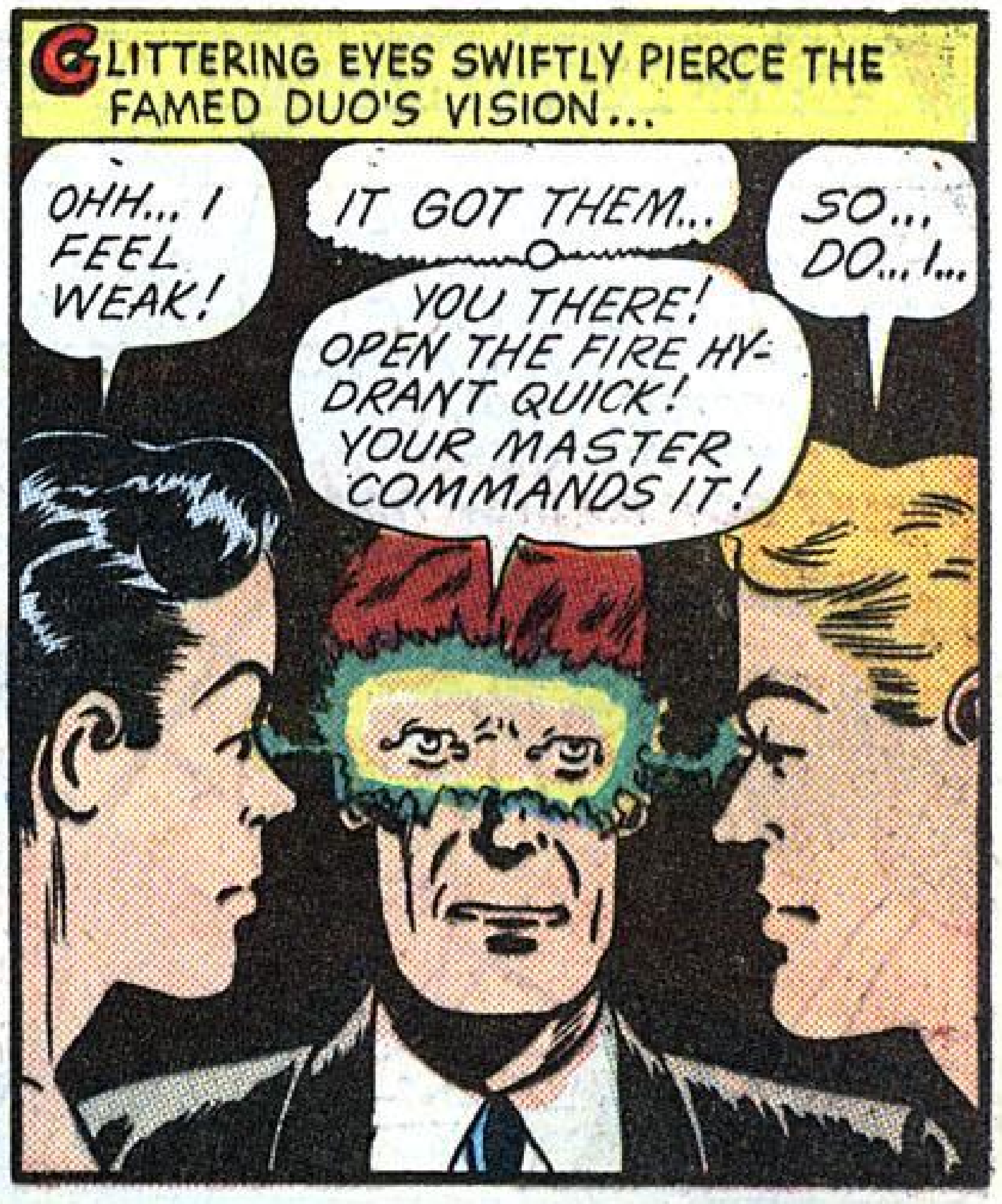
A GIFT OF GOOD WILL BECOME A GIFT OF EVIL IN THE LUSTFUL POSSESSION OF A CUNNING CRIMINAL--- UNTIL HE MATCHES HIS MAD POWER AGAINST THAT DARING, FLAME-FLASHING DUO-**TORCH** AND **TORO**, IN THEIR DYNAMIC DRIVE TO SMASH...

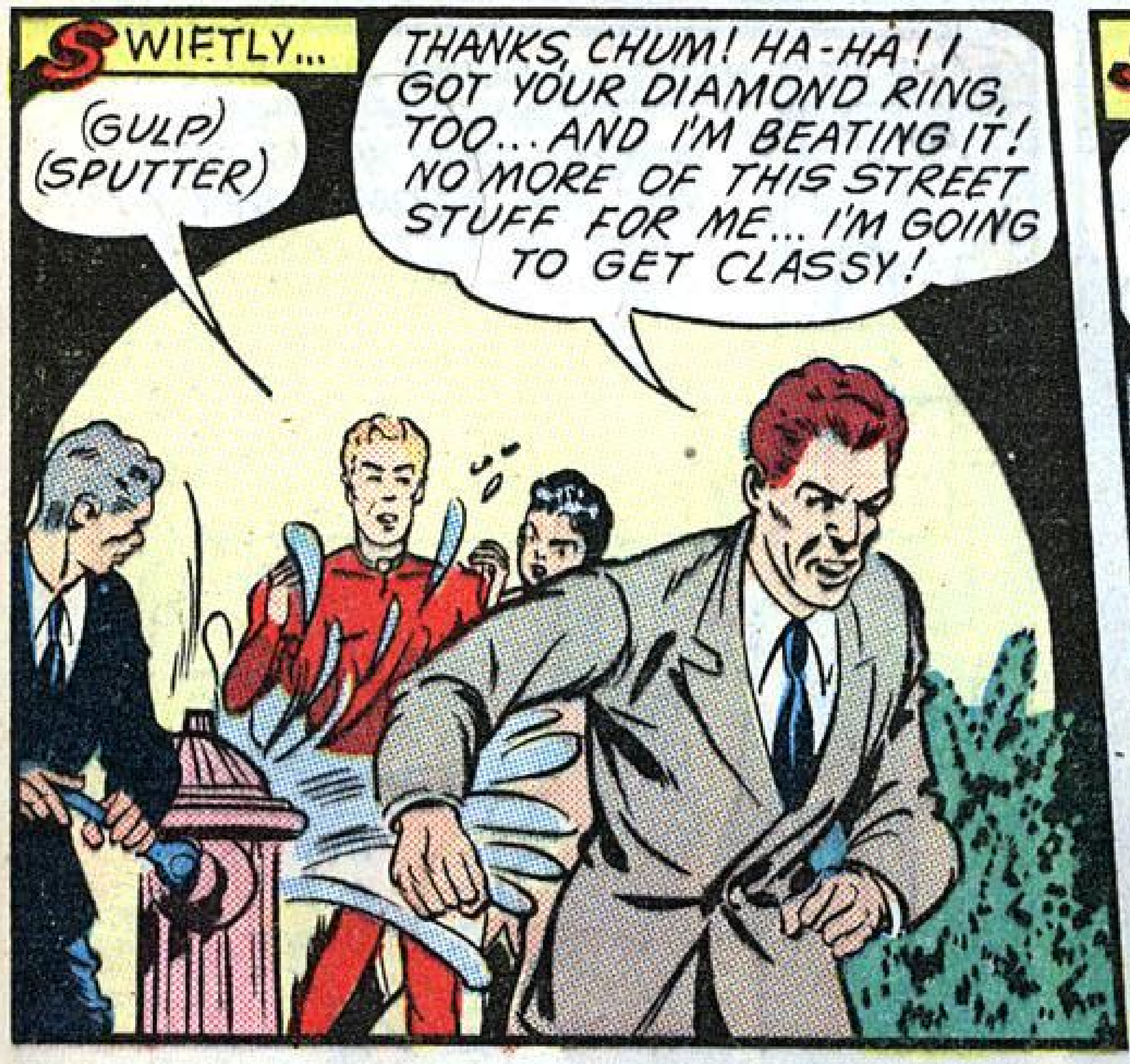
"THE CASE OF THE BORROWED EYES"

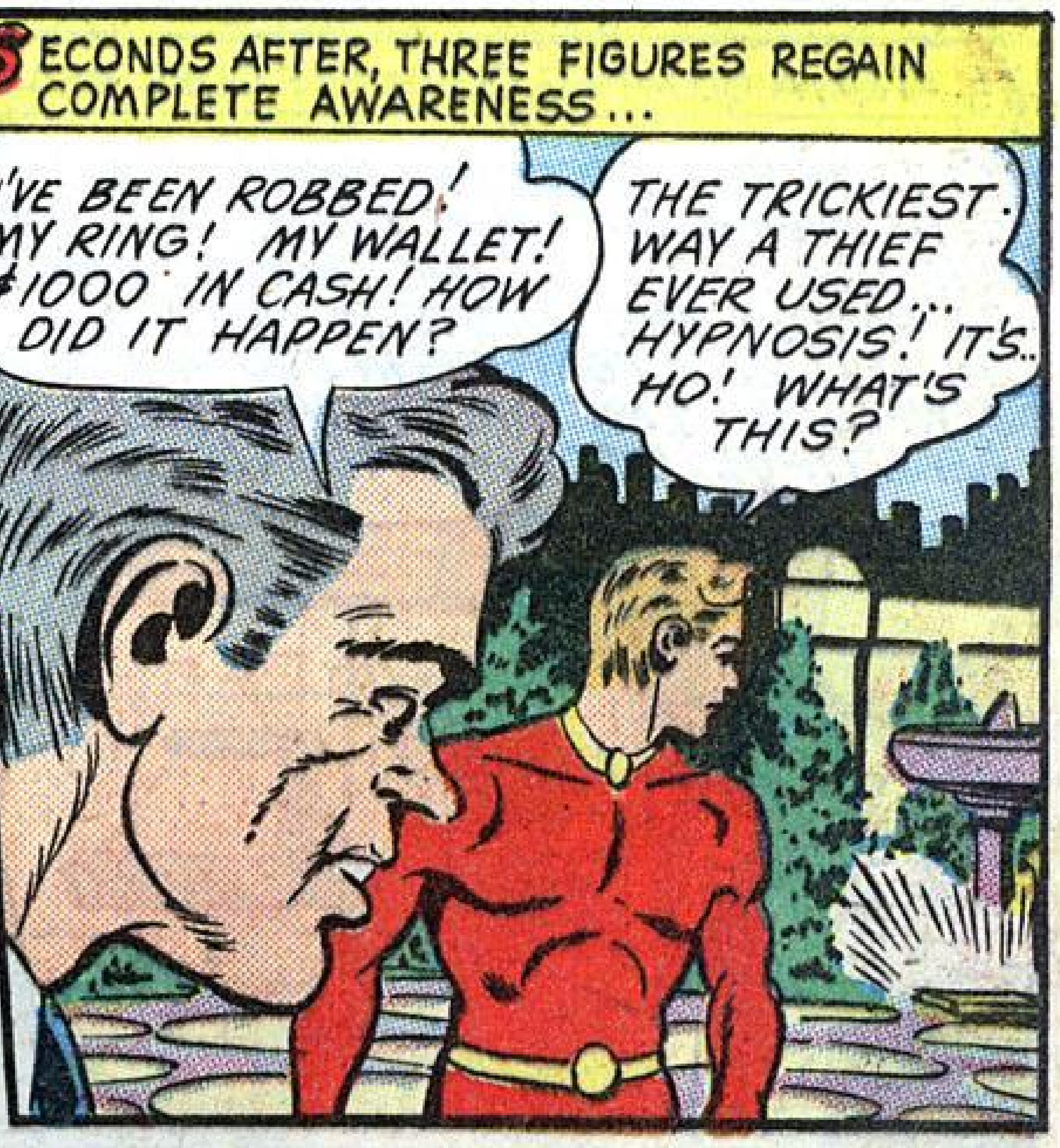

IN GENERAL HOSPITAL, A YOUNG MAN, TOTALLY BLIND, CONSULTS A DOCTOR ANXIOUSLY...
I RECOMMEND AN OPERATION, GIVING YOU A PAIR OF EYES FROM OUR EYE BANK... MANY PERSONS WHO DIED HAD WILLED THEIR GOOD SOUND EYES TO THE BANK TO HELP OTHERS... WILL YOU CONSENT TO SUCH AN OPERATION, ED?
EYES OF THE DEAD... WILL GIVE ME SIGHT... SURE, GO AHEAD, DOCTOR!
DOCTOR, BEFORE I GO UNDER THE ETHER, WHOSE EYES AM I GETTING?
THE EYES OF RAJAH SWAMI SABINI, OF INDIA, A RENOWNED MASTER OF THE OCCULT... THE ANESTHETIC, PLEASE.
A WEEK LATER: A JOYOUS YOUNG MAN LEAVES GENERAL HOSPITAL...
I CAN SEE BETTER THAN I DID BEFORE THE ACCIDENT! THESE SWAMI EYES ARE GREAT! I BET FROM HERE I CAN SEE WHAT COLOR THAT WOMAN'S EYES ARE!
MASTER.... MASTER....
HUH? JUMPING..! MY EYES! THE SWAMI'S EYES! THEY'VE HYPNOTIZED HER!
WHAT A CINCH! I GRABBED HER PURSE WHILE SHE WAS HYPNOTIZED! I ALWAYS WANTED TO CONTROL PEOPLE- STUDIED HYPNOSIS, BUT COULDN'T MAKE IT WORK UNTIL NOW! NOW I GOT THE POWER TO USE IT!
2

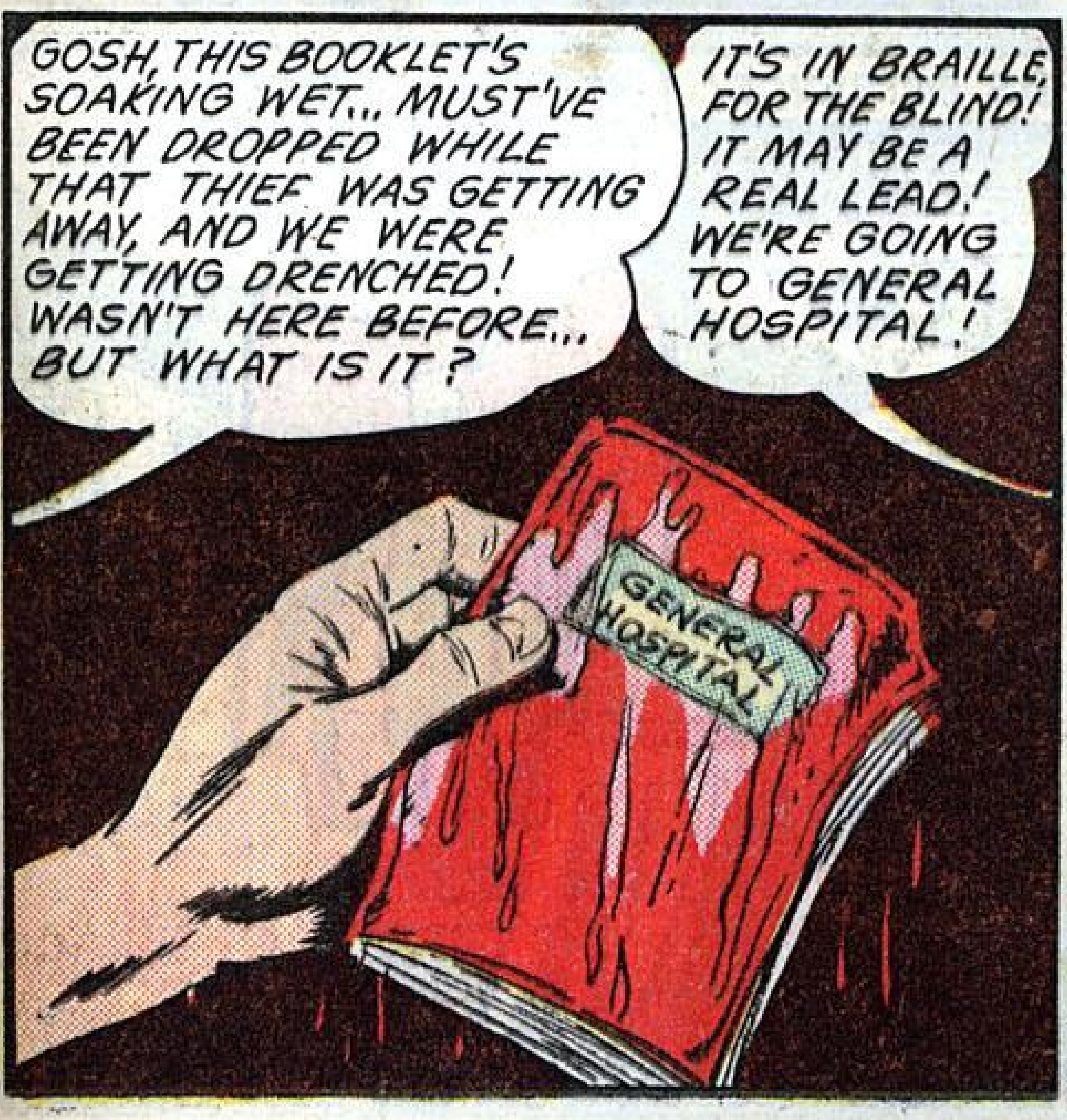

TWO DAYS LATER-TWIN HUMAN METEORS STREAK OUT OF A NEW YORK APARTMENT, FLASHING ACROSS THE CITY STREETS...
HOW COME SERGEANT HENEKER S.O.S.'ED US, JUST AS WE RETURNED TO TOWN AFTER WINDING UP THE HOMAN CASE?
THINGS WERE OBVIOUSLY HAPPENING WHILE WE WERE AWAY. HENEKER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT STRANGE ROBBERIES!
IT'S THE DARNDEST THING! DROVES OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REPORTING THAT THEY FELT BLANK FOR A MINUTE WHILE THEY WERE ON THE STREET, AND WHEN THEY BECAME ALERT AGAIN, FOUND THEY HAD BEEN ROBBED! THIS CASE IS IN YOUR HANDS... A LOAD OF PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN ROBBED, IS IN THE NEXT ROOM!
GOOD-I'D LIKE TO HEAR THEIR STORIES!
A WILD CONFUSION OF STORIES....!
BEFORE I WENT COMPLETELY BLANK ON MY WAY TO THE DEVERE MUSICALE, I SAW A YOUNG RED-HEADED MAN IN A BLUE SUIT WATCHING ME...
I SAW A MAN ABOUT 40, IN A BROWN SUIT... IT WAS NEAR THE PLAZA CONCERT HALL...!
MMM...EACH OF YOU REMEMBERS SOMETHING DIFFERENT! I'LL LIST ALL YOUR DESCRIPTIONS, AND TRY TO STRIKE A LAW OF AVERAGES!
SOME TIME LATER...
THAT WAS SOME JOB OF COMPILING! NOW WE'LL LOOK FOR A DARK-HAIRED FELLOW IN MID OR LATE TWENTIES, CLEFT CHIN, BROWN SUIT... MORE PEOPLE SAW THOSE DETAILS THAN ANY OTHER! AND WE'LL LOOK IN THE WEALTHIER SECTIONS OF THE CITY... HE ROBS WHERE SOCIAL EVENTS ARE SCHEDULED!
AS THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTERS KEENLY MAN-HUNT... IN CENTRAL PARK...
NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?
YES, MASTER...
MMM... HE MUST HAVE A BIG FAT WALLET! I CAN ALSO TAKE OFF HIS DIAMOND RING WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE!
BUT SUDDENLY!
HAVING FUN, BUSY FINGERS?
OH! (GULP)
3

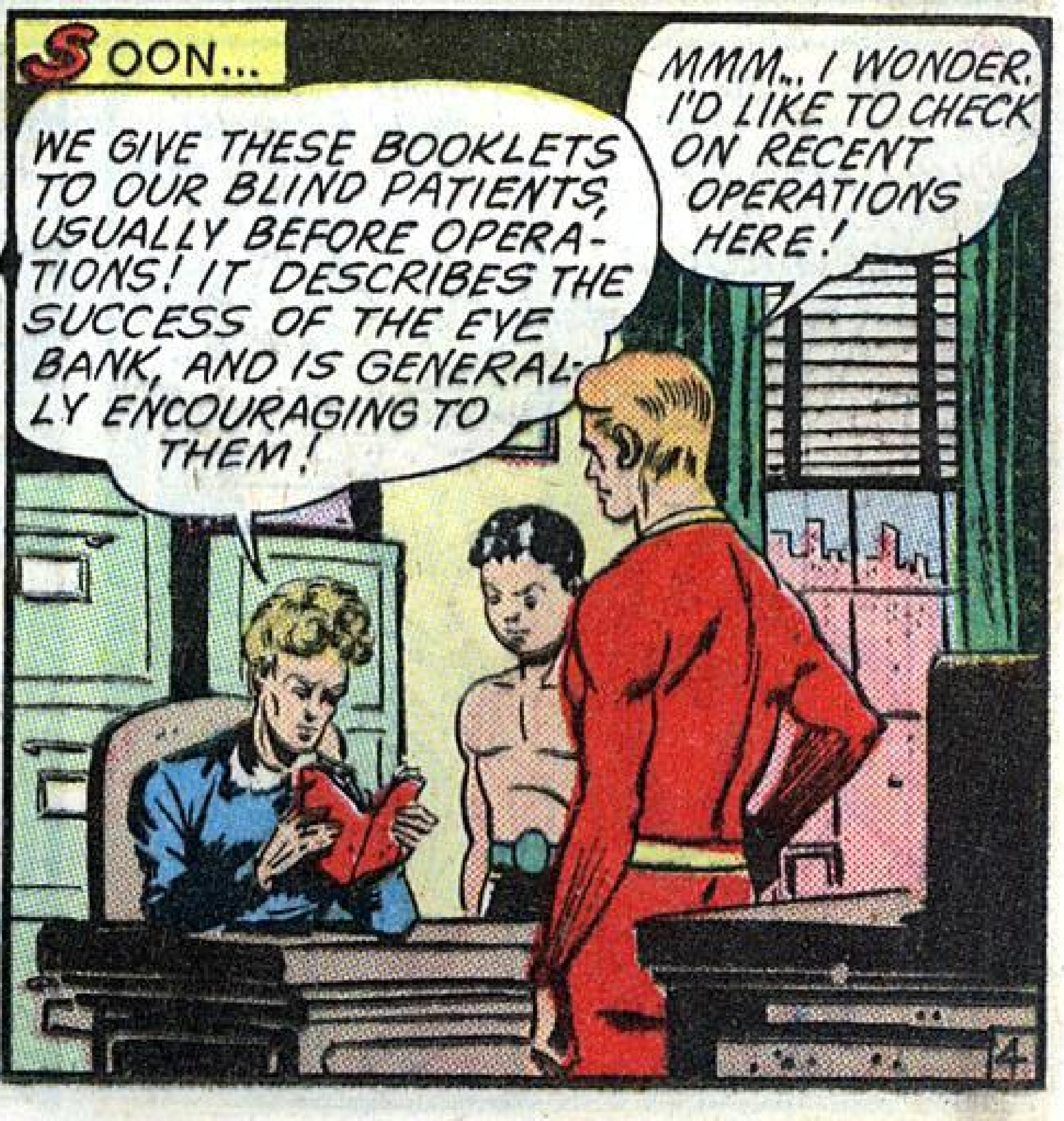

WITH DAZZLING SPEED...
EASY COME! EASY GO! YOU'RE COMING WITH US... AND GOING TO JAIL!
THIS HAS GOT TO WORK!

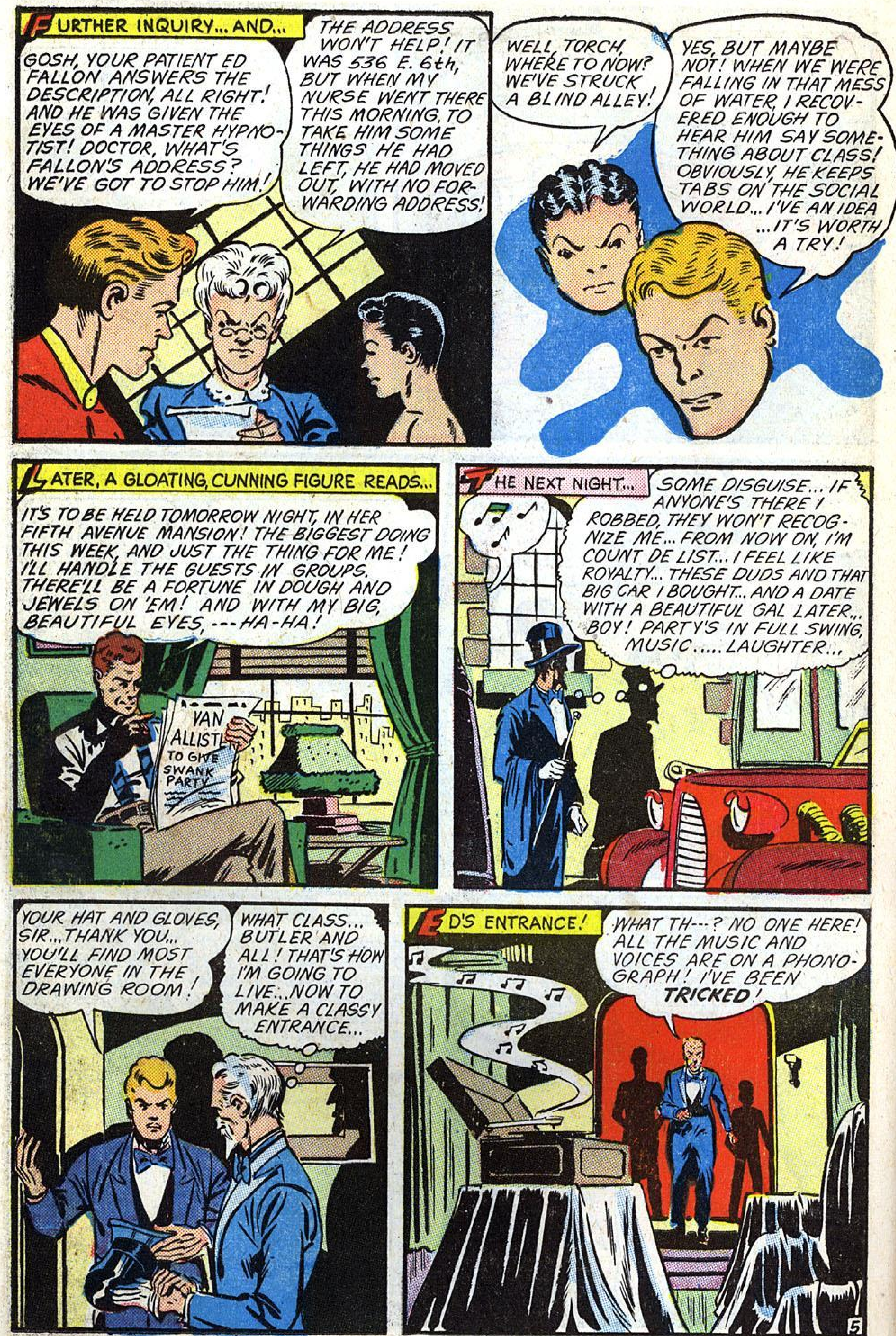

GLITTERING EYES SWIFTLY PIERCE THE FAMED DUO'S VISION...
OHH... I FEEL WEAK!
IT GOT THEM...
YOU THERE! OPEN THE FIRE HYDRANT QUICK! YOUR MASTER COMMANDS IT!
SO... DO... I...

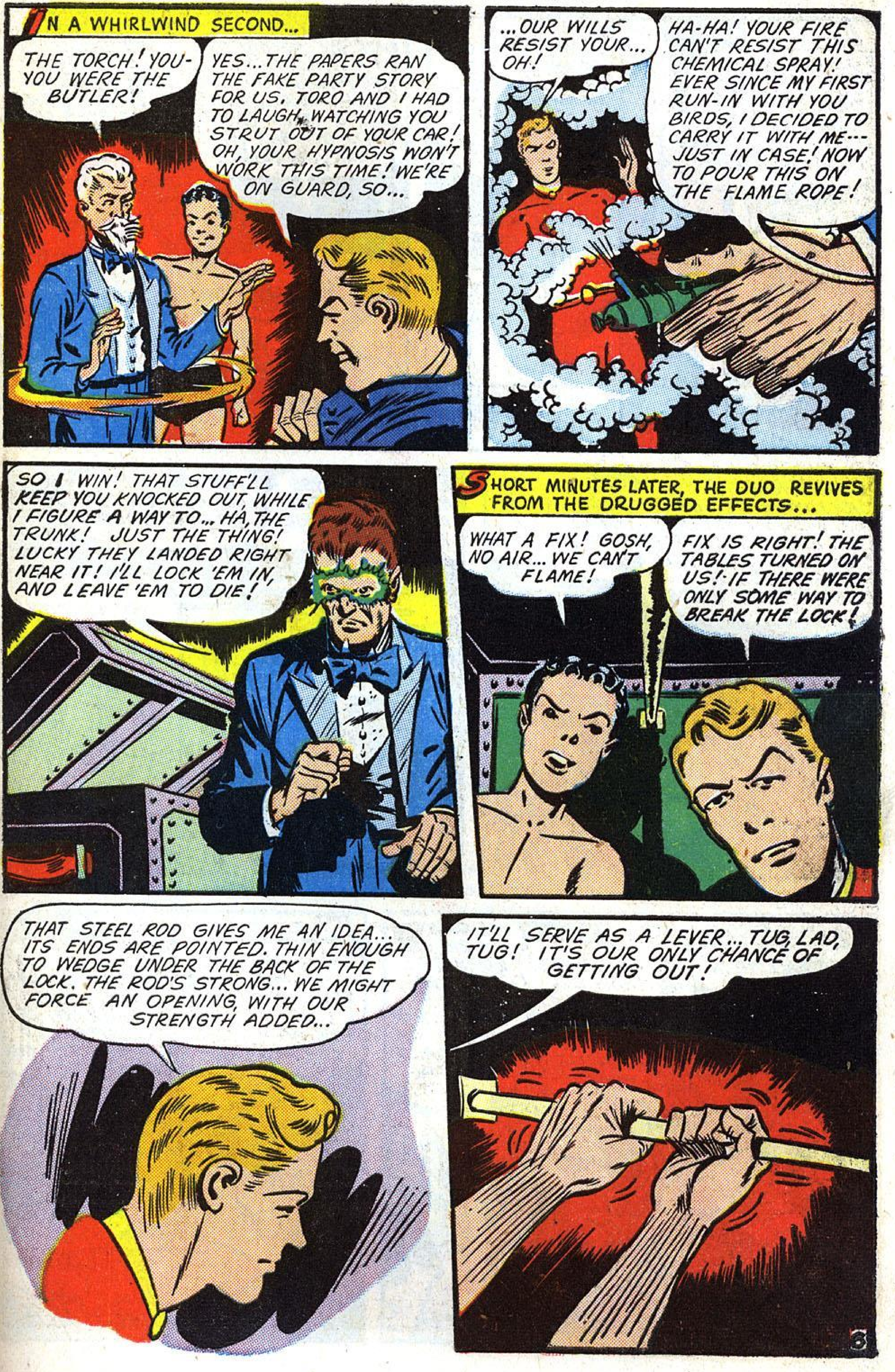

SWIFTLY...
(GULP) (SPUTTER)
THANKS, CHUM! HA-HA! I GOT YOUR DIAMOND RING, TOO... AND I'M BEATING IT! NO MORE OF THIS STREET STUFF FOR ME... I'M GOING TO GET CLASSY!

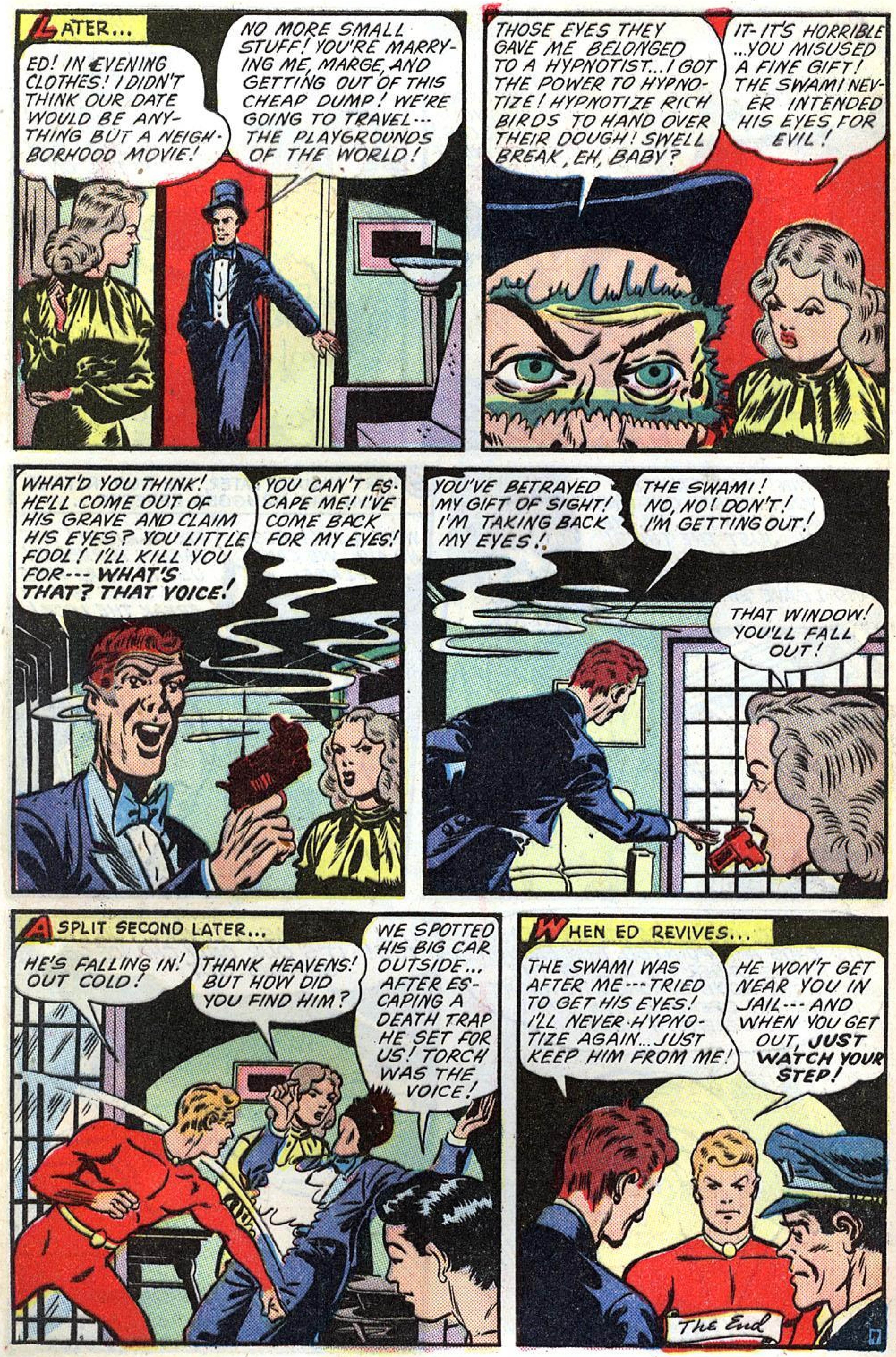

SECONDS AFTER, THREE FIGURES REGAIN COMPLETE AWARENESS...
I'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY RING! MY WALLET! $1000 IN CASH! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
THE TRICKIEST WAY A THIEF EVER USED... HYPNOSIS! IT'S... HO! WHAT'S THIS?


GOSH, THIS BOOKLET'S SOAKING WET... MUST'VE BEEN DROPPED WHILE THAT THIEF WAS GETTING AWAY, AND WE WERE GETTING DRENCHED! WASN'T HERE BEFORE... BUT WHAT IS IT?
IT'S IN BRAILLE, FOR THE BLIND! IT MAY BE A REAL LEAD! WE'RE GOING TO GENERAL HOSPITAL!
GENERAL HOSPITAL


SOON...
WE GIVE THESE BOOKLETS TO OUR BLIND PATIENTS, USUALLY BEFORE OPERATIONS! IT DESCRIBES THE SUCCESS OF THE EYE BANK, AND IS GENERALLY ENCOURAGING TO THEM!
MMM... I WONDER. I'D LIKE TO CHECK ON RECENT OPERATIONS HERE!


FURTHER INQUIRY... AND...
GOSH, YOUR PATIENT ED FALLON ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION, ALL RIGHT! AND HE WAS GIVEN THE EYES OF A MASTER HYPNOTIST! DOCTOR, WHAT'S FALLON'S ADDRESS? WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
THE ADDRESS WON'T HELP! IT WAS 536 E. 6th, BUT WHEN MY NURSE WENT THERE THIS MORNING, TO TAKE HIM SOME THINGS HE HAD LEFT, HE HAD MOVED OUT, WITH NO FORWARDING ADDRESS!
WELL, TORCH, WHERE TO NOW? WE'VE STRUCK A BLIND ALLEY!
YES, BUT MAYBE NOT! WHEN WE WERE FALLING IN THAT MESS OF WATER, I RECOVERED ENOUGH TO HEAR HIM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT CLASS! OBVIOUSLY, HE KEEPS TABS ON THE SOCIAL WORLD... I'VE AN IDEA ...IT'S WORTH A TRY!
LATER, A GLOATING, CUNNING FIGURE READS...
IT'S TO BE HELD TOMORROW NIGHT, IN HER FIFTH AVENUE MANSION! THE BIGGEST DOING THIS WEEK, AND JUST THE THING FOR ME! I'LL HANDLE THE GUESTS IN GROUPS. THERE'LL BE A FORTUNE IN DOUGH AND JEWELS ON 'EM! AND WITH MY BIG, BEAUTIFUL EYES, --- HA-HA!
VAN ALLIST TO GIVE SWANK PARTY
THE NEXT NIGHT...
♫ ♪
SOME DISGUISE... IF ANYONE'S THERE I ROBBED, THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE ME... FROM NOW ON, I'M COUNT DE LIST... I FEEL LIKE ROYALTY... THESE DUDS AND THAT BIG CAR I BOUGHT... AND A DATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GAL LATER... BOY! PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, MUSIC..... LAUGHTER...
YOUR HAT AND GLOVES, SIR... THANK YOU... YOU'LL FIND MOST EVERYONE IN THE DRAWING ROOM!
WHAT CLASS... BUTLER AND ALL! THAT'S HOW I'M GOING TO LIVE... NOW TO MAKE A CLASSY ENTRANCE...
ED'S ENTRANCE!
WHAT TH---? NO ONE HERE! ALL THE MUSIC AND VOICES ARE ON A PHONOGRAPH! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!


IN A WHIRLWIND SECOND...
THE TORCH! YOU-YOU WERE THE BUTLER!
YES... THE PAPERS RAN THE FAKE PARTY STORY FOR US. TORO AND I HAD TO LAUGH, WATCHING YOU STRUT OUT OF YOUR CAR! OH, YOUR HYPNOSIS WON'T WORK THIS TIME! WE'RE ON GUARD, SO...
...OUR WILLS RESIST YOUR... OH!
HA-HA! YOUR FIRE CAN'T RESIST THIS CHEMICAL SPRAY! EVER SINCE MY FIRST RUN-IN WITH YOU BIRDS, I DECIDED TO CARRY IT WITH ME--- JUST IN CASE! NOW TO POUR THIS ON THE FLAME ROPE!
SO I WIN! THAT STUFF'LL KEEP YOU KNOCKED OUT, WHILE I FIGURE A WAY TO... HA, THE TRUNK! JUST THE THING! LUCKY THEY LANDED RIGHT NEAR IT! I'LL LOCK 'EM IN, AND LEAVE 'EM TO DIE!
SHORT MINUTES LATER, THE DUO REVIVES FROM THE DRUGGED EFFECTS...
WHAT A FIX! GOSH, NO AIR... WE CAN'T FLAME!
FIX IS RIGHT! THE TABLES TURNED ON US! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO BREAK THE LOCK!
THAT STEEL ROD GIVES ME AN IDEA... ITS ENDS ARE POINTED. THIN ENOUGH TO WEDGE UNDER THE BACK OF THE LOCK. THE ROD'S STRONG... WE MIGHT FORCE AN OPENING, WITH OUR STRENGTH ADDED...
IT'LL SERVE AS A LEVER... TUG, LAD, TUG! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!


LATER...
ED! IN EVENING CLOTHES! I DIDN'T THINK OUR DATE WOULD BE ANYTHING BUT A NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE!
NO MORE SMALL STUFF! YOU'RE MARRYING ME, MARGE, AND GETTING OUT OF THIS CHEAP DUMP! WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL--- THE PLAYGROUNDS OF THE WORLD!
THOSE EYES THEY GAVE ME BELONGED TO A HYPNOTIST...I GOT THE POWER TO HYPNOTIZE! HYPNOTIZE RICH BIRDS TO HAND OVER THEIR DOUGH! SWELL BREAK, EH, BABY?
IT-IT'S HORRIBLE ...YOU MISUSED A FINE GIFT! THE SWAMI NEVER INTENDED HIS EYES FOR EVIL!
WHAT'D YOU THINK! HE'LL COME OUT OF HIS GRAVE AND CLAIM HIS EYES? YOU LITTLE FOOL! I'LL KILL YOU FOR--- **WHAT'S THAT? THAT VOICE!**
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME! I'VE COME BACK FOR MY EYES!
YOU'VE BETRAYED MY GIFT OF SIGHT! I'M TAKING BACK MY EYES!
THE SWAMI! NO, NO! DON'T! I'M GETTING OUT!
THAT WINDOW! YOU'LL FALL OUT!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
HE'S FALLING IN! OUT COLD!
THANK HEAVENS! BUT HOW DID YOU FIND HIM?
WE SPOTTED HIS BIG CAR OUTSIDE... AFTER ESCAPING A DEATH TRAP HE SET FOR US! TORCH WAS THE VOICE!
WHEN ED REVIVES...
THE SWAMI WAS AFTER ME---TRIED TO GET HIS EYES! I'LL NEVER HYPNOTIZE AGAIN...JUST KEEP HIM FROM ME!
HE WON'T GET NEAR YOU IN JAIL--- AND WHEN YOU GET OUT, **JUST WATCH YOUR STEP!**
The End

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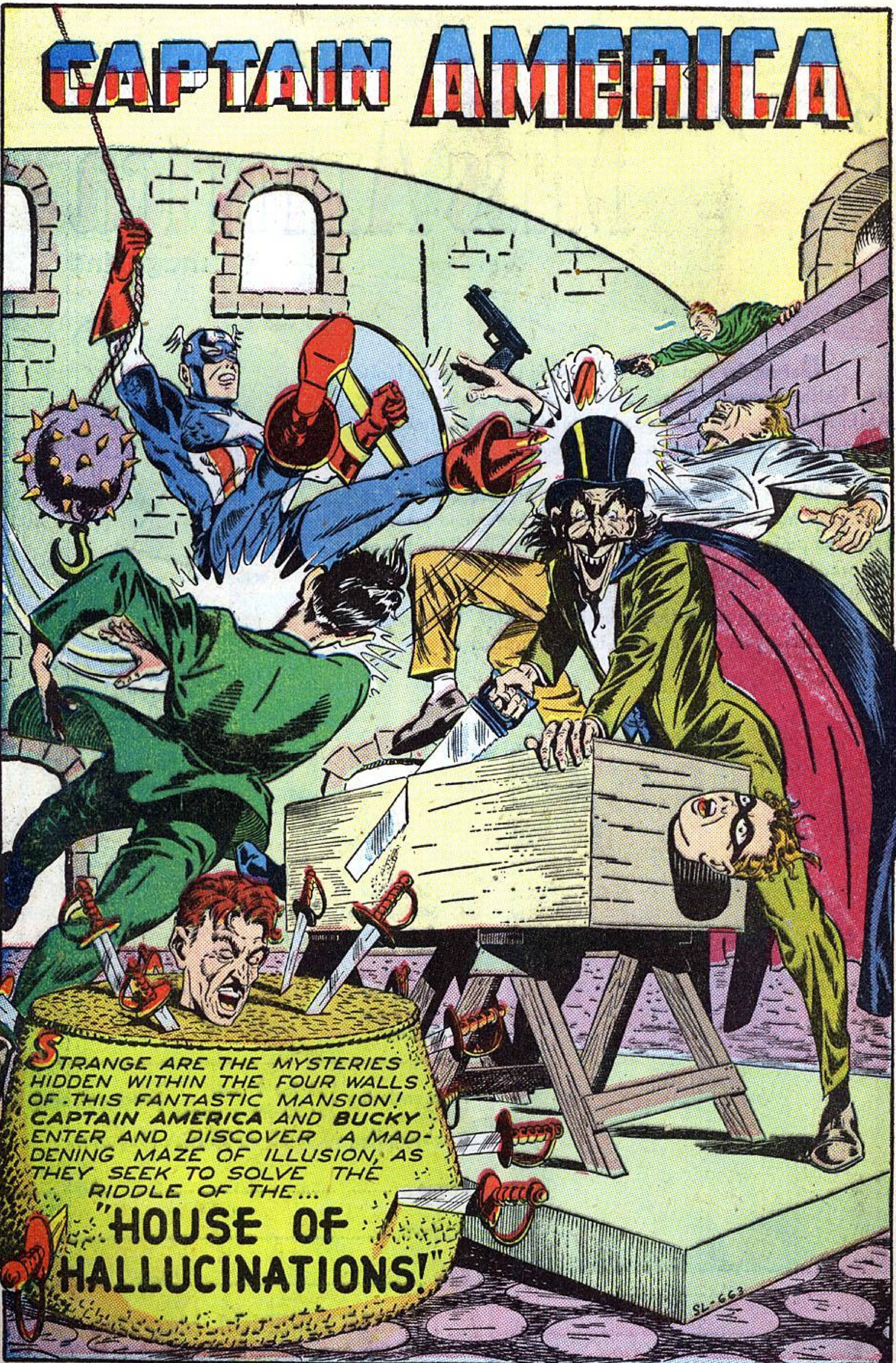
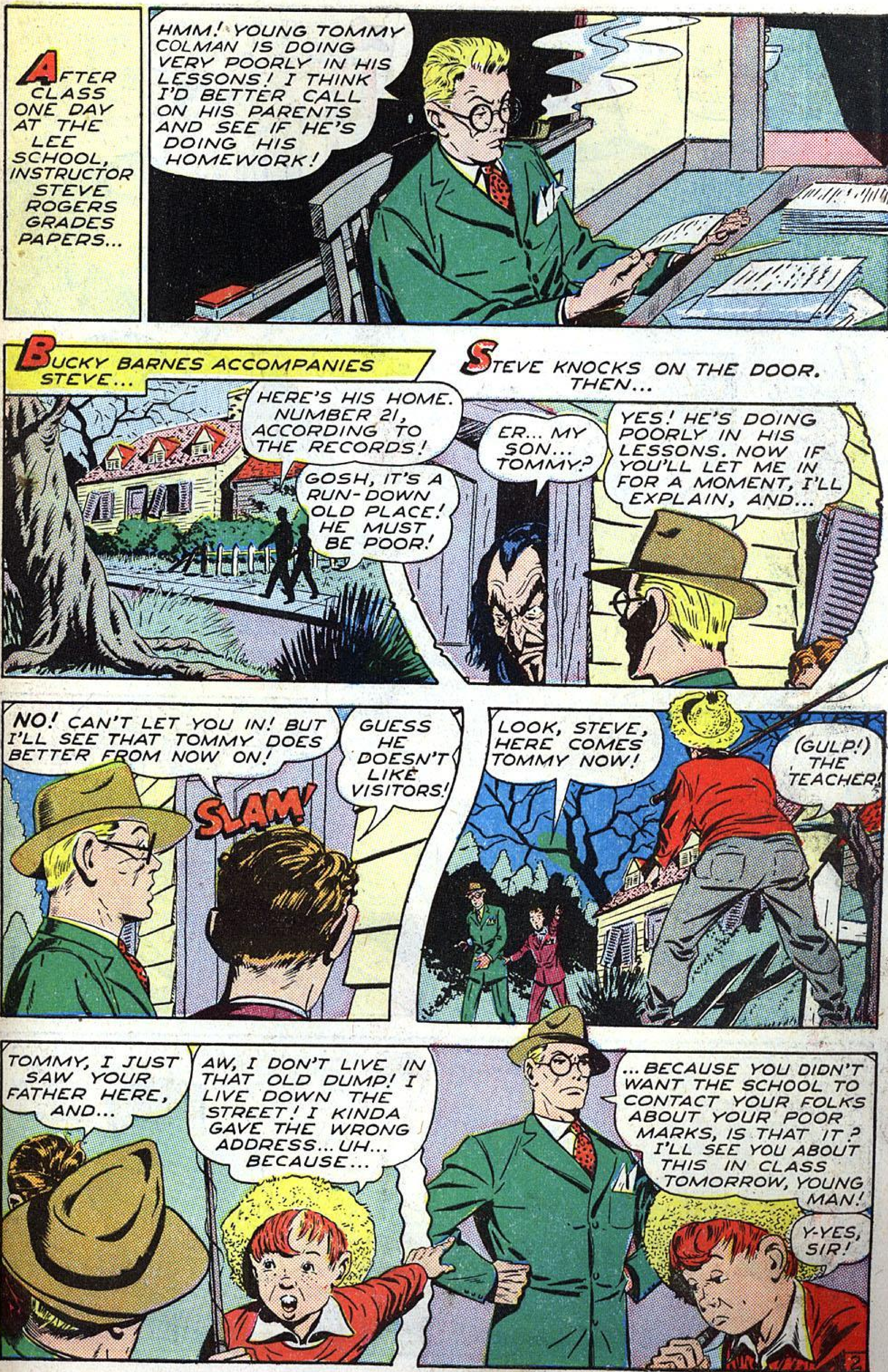
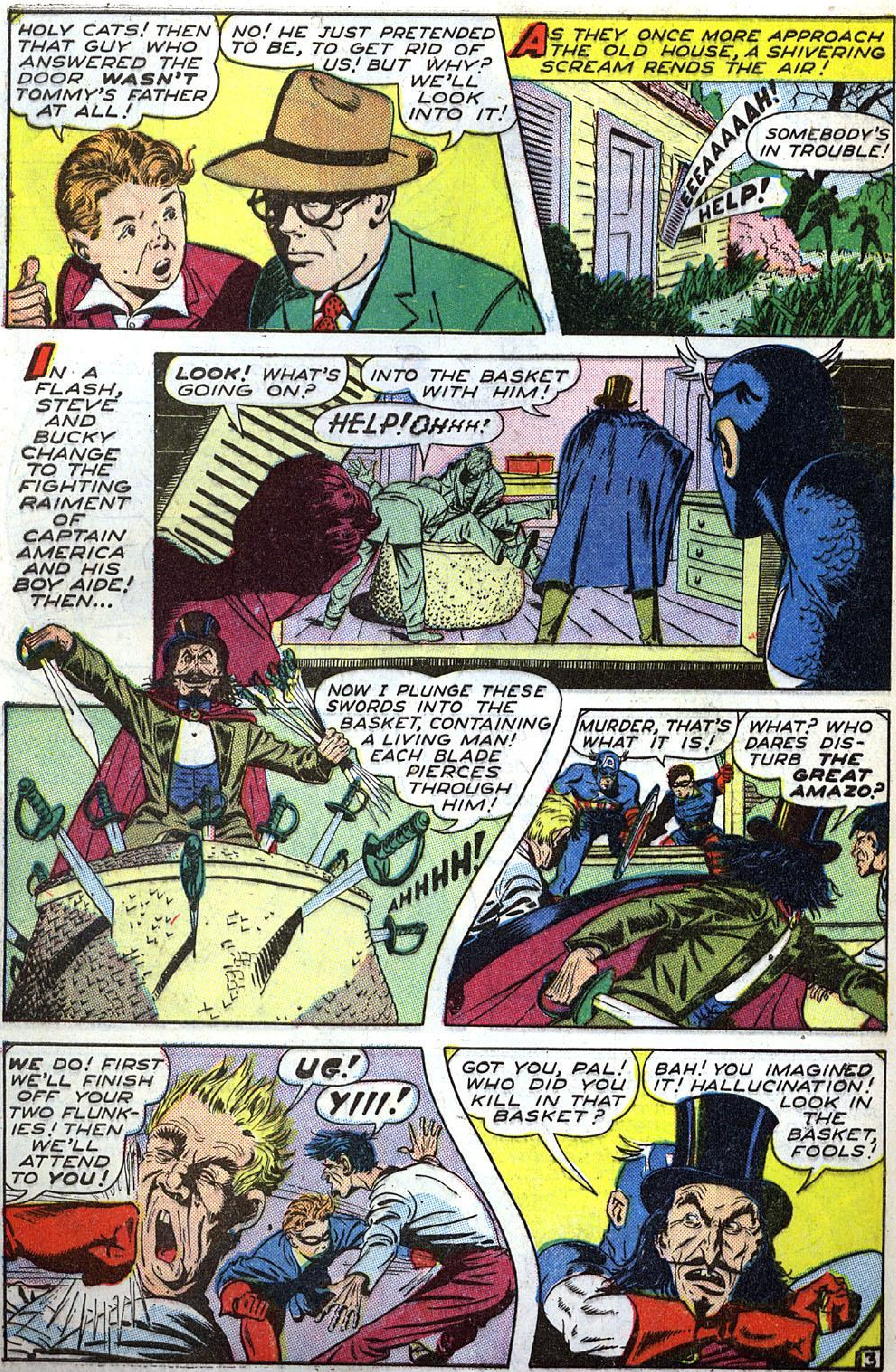
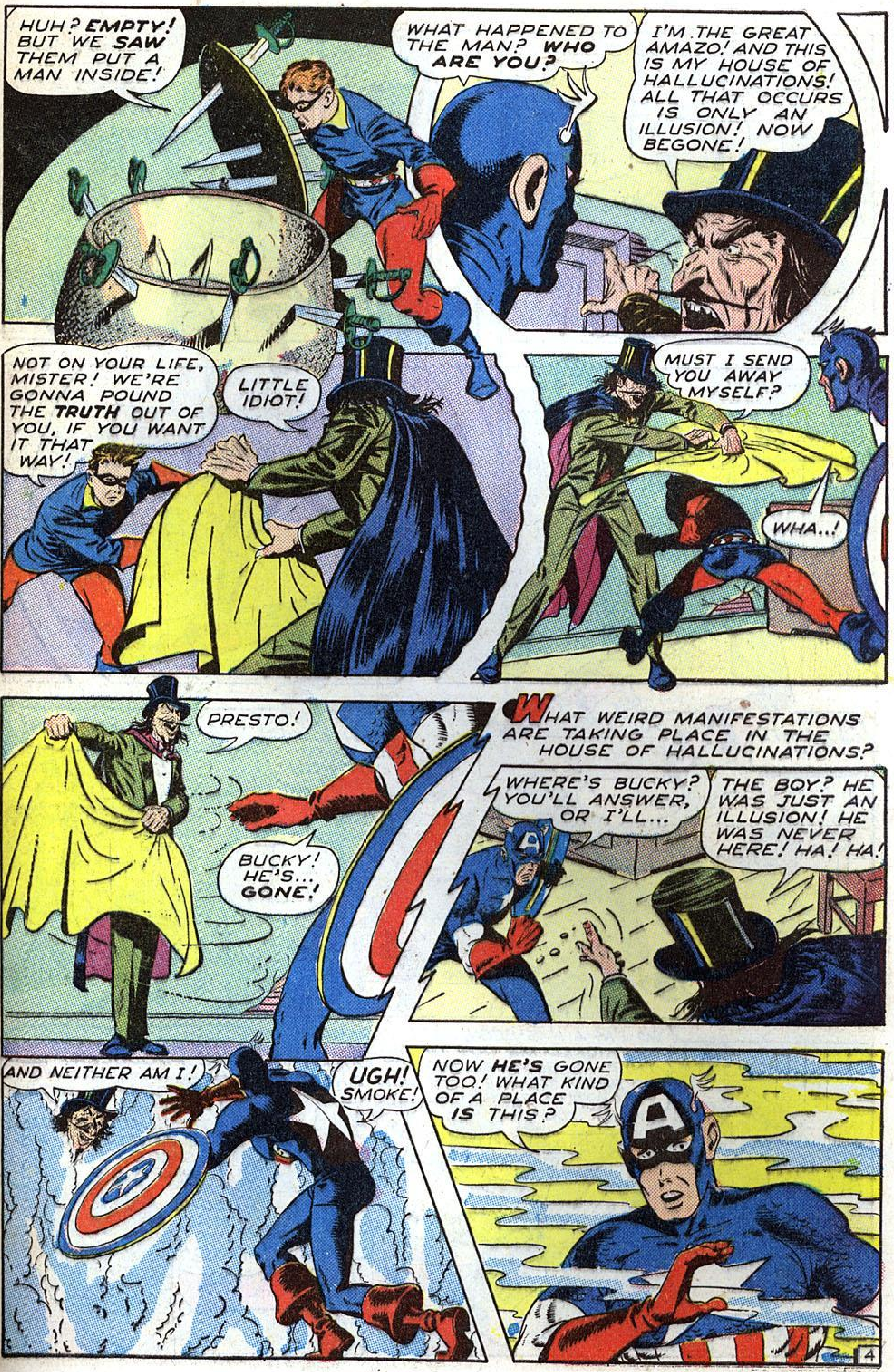
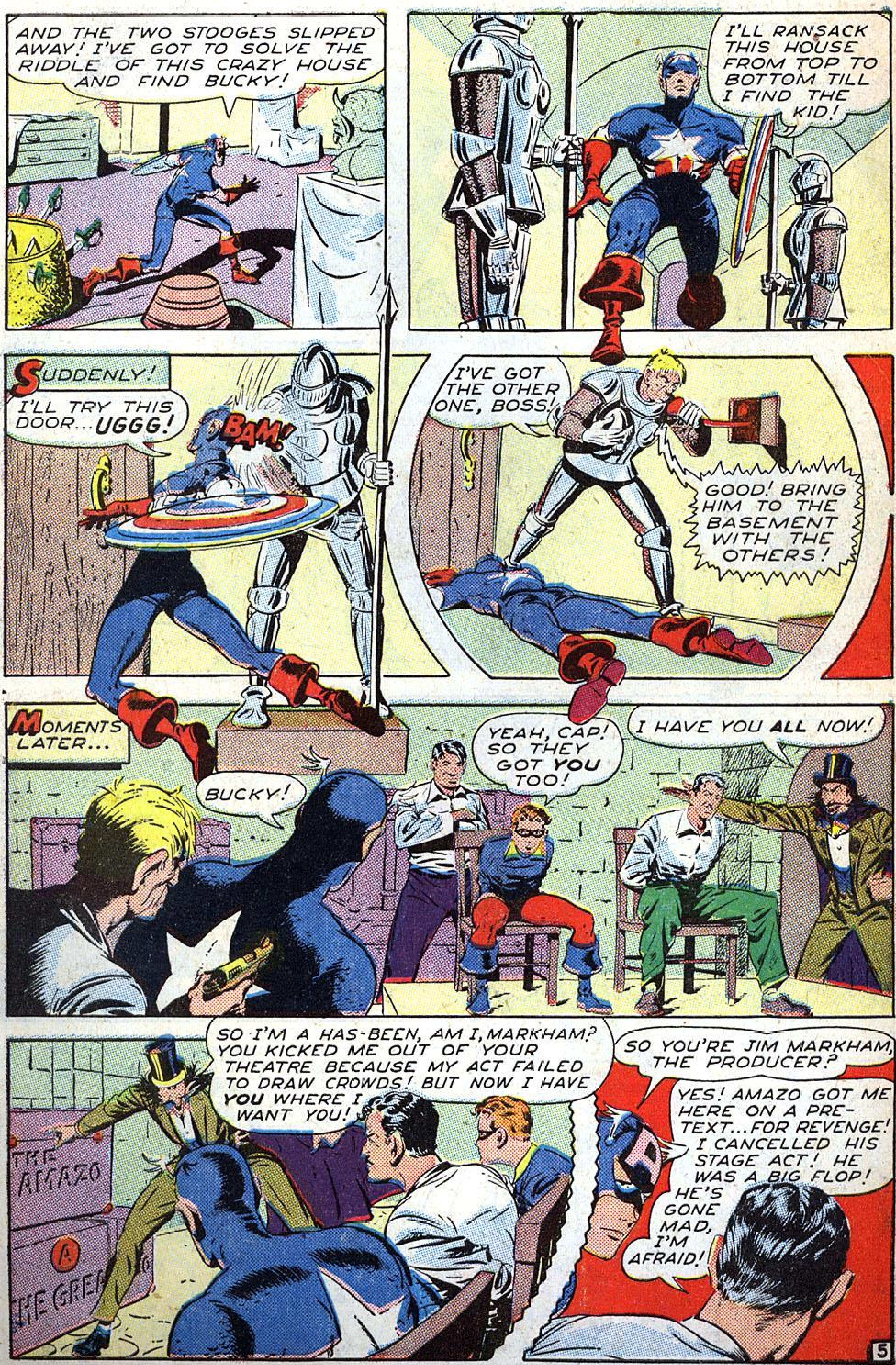
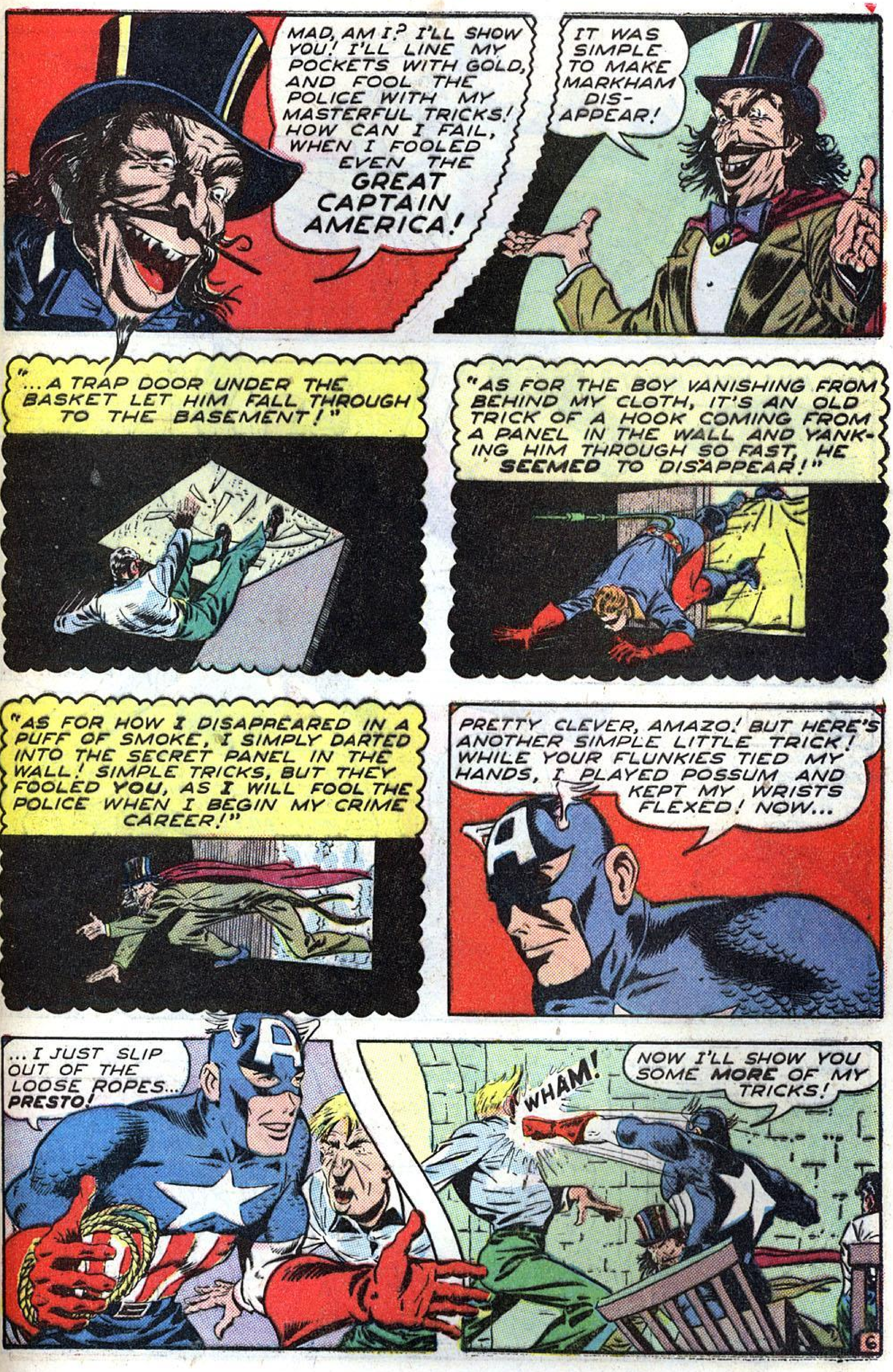

CAPTAIN AMERICA
STRANGE ARE THE MYSTERIES HIDDEN WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF THIS FANTASTIC MANSION! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ENTER AND DISCOVER A MADDENING MAZE OF ILLUSION, AS THEY SEEK TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE...
"HOUSE OF HALLUCINATIONS!"
SL-663

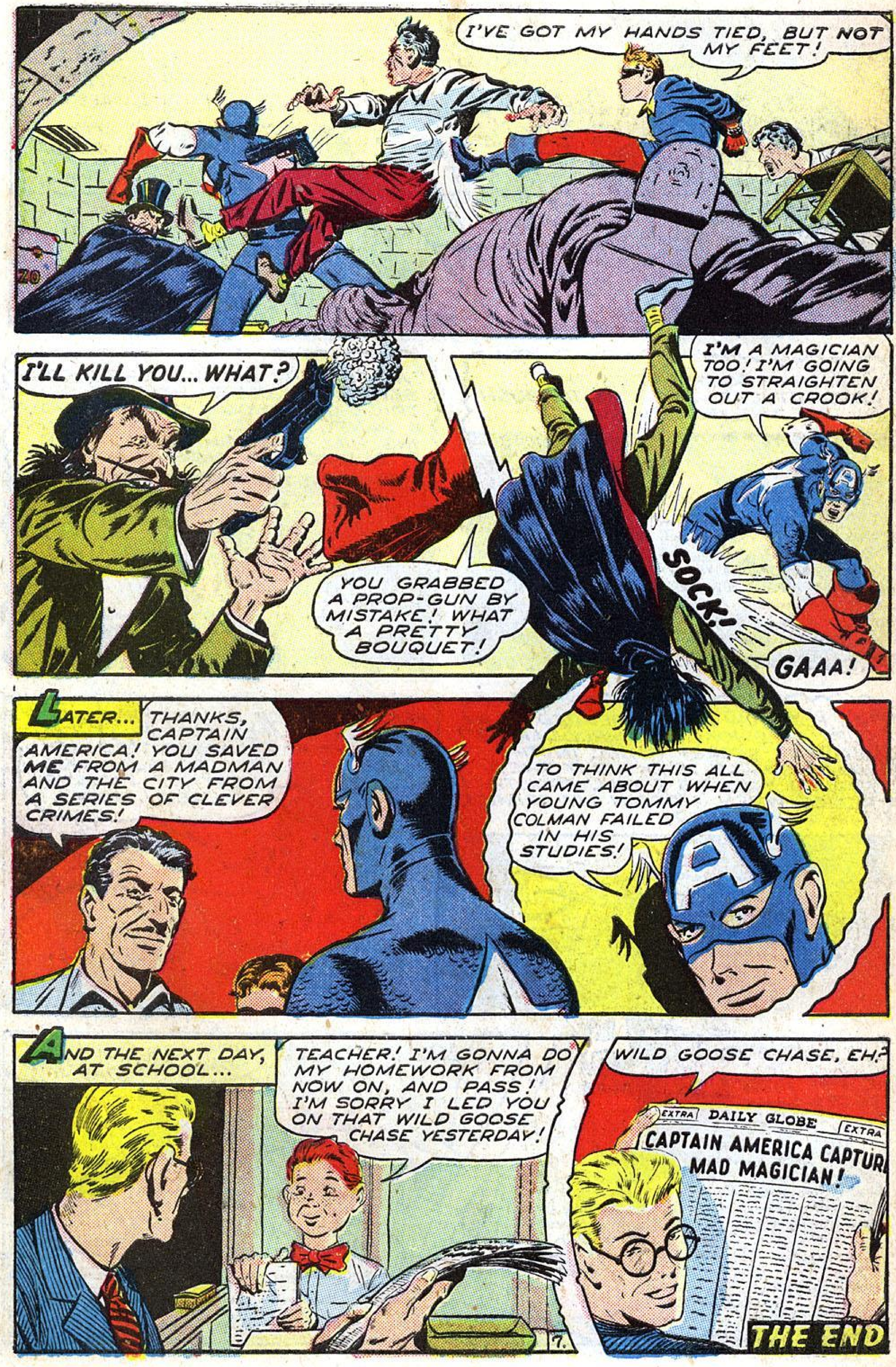

AFTER CLASS ONE DAY AT THE LEE SCHOOL, INSTRUCTOR STEVE ROGERS GRADES PAPERS...
HMM! YOUNG TOMMY COLMAN IS DOING VERY POORLY IN HIS LESSONS! I THINK I'D BETTER CALL ON HIS PARENTS AND SEE IF HE'S DOING HIS HOMEWORK!
BUCKY BARNES ACCOMPANIES STEVE...
HERE'S HIS HOME. NUMBER 21, ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS!
GOSH, IT'S A RUN-DOWN OLD PLACE! HE MUST BE POOR!
STEVE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. THEN...
ER... MY SON... TOMMY?
YES! HE'S DOING POORLY IN HIS LESSONS. NOW IF YOU'LL LET ME IN FOR A MOMENT, I'LL EXPLAIN, AND...
NO! CAN'T LET YOU IN! BUT I'LL SEE THAT TOMMY DOES BETTER FROM NOW ON!
SLAM!
GUESS HE DOESN'T LIKE VISITORS!
LOOK, STEVE, HERE COMES TOMMY NOW!
(GULP!) THE TEACHER!
TOMMY, I JUST SAW YOUR FATHER HERE, AND...
AW, I DON'T LIVE IN THAT OLD DUMP! I LIVE DOWN THE STREET! I KINDA GAVE THE WRONG ADDRESS... UH... BECAUSE...
... BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT THE SCHOOL TO CONTACT YOUR FOLKS ABOUT YOUR POOR MARKS, IS THAT IT? I'LL SEE YOU ABOUT THIS IN CLASS TOMORROW, YOUNG MAN!
Y-YES, SIR!
2


HOLY CATS! THEN THAT GUY WHO ANSWERED THE DOOR **WASN'T** TOMMY'S FATHER AT ALL!
NO! HE JUST PRETENDED TO BE, TO GET RID OF US! BUT WHY? WE'LL LOOK INTO IT!
AS THEY ONCE MORE APPROACH THE OLD HOUSE, A SHIVERING SCREAM RENDS THE AIR!
EEEAAAAAAH!
HELP!
SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!
IN A FLASH, STEVE AND BUCKY CHANGE TO THE FIGHTING RAIMENT OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS BOY AIDE! THEN...
LOOK! WHAT'S GOING ON?
INTO THE BASKET WITH HIM!
HELP! OHHH!
NOW I PLUNGE THESE SWORDS INTO THE BASKET, CONTAINING A LIVING MAN! EACH BLADE PIERCES THROUGH HIM!
AHHHHH!
MURDER, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
WHAT? WHO DARES DISTURB **THE GREAT AMAZO?**
WE DO! FIRST WE'LL FINISH OFF YOUR TWO FLUNKIES! THEN WE'LL ATTEND TO **YOU!**
UG!
YIII!
GOT YOU, PAL! WHO DID YOU KILL IN THAT BASKET?
BAH! YOU IMAGINED IT! HALLUCINATION! LOOK IN THE BASKET, FOOLS!


HUH? EMPTY! BUT WE SAW THEM PUT A MAN INSIDE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN? WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE GREAT AMAZO! AND THIS IS MY HOUSE OF HALLUCINATIONS! ALL THAT OCCURS IS ONLY AN ILLUSION! NOW BEGONE!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, MISTER! WE'RE GONNA POUND THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU, IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY!
LITTLE IDIOT!
MUST I SEND YOU AWAY MYSELF?
WHA..!
PRESTO!
BUCKY! HE'S... GONE!
WHAT WEIRD MANIFESTATIONS ARE TAKING PLACE IN THE HOUSE OF HALLUCINATIONS?
WHERE'S BUCKY? YOU'LL ANSWER, OR I'LL...
THE BOY? HE WAS JUST AN ILLUSION! HE WAS NEVER HERE! HA! HA!
AND NEITHER AM I!
UGH! SMOKE!
NOW HE'S GONE TOO! WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?


AND THE TWO STOOGES SLIPPED AWAY! I'VE GOT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THIS CRAZY HOUSE AND FIND BUCKY!
I'LL RANSACK THIS HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM TILL I FIND THE KID!
SUDDENLY!
I'LL TRY THIS DOOR... UGGG!
BAM!
I'VE GOT THE OTHER ONE, BOSS!
GOOD! BRING HIM TO THE BASEMENT WITH THE OTHERS!
MOMENTS LATER...
BUCKY!
YEAH, CAP! SO THEY GOT YOU TOO!
I HAVE YOU ALL NOW!
SO I'M A HAS-BEEN, AM I, MARKHAM? YOU KICKED ME OUT OF YOUR THEATRE BECAUSE MY ACT FAILED TO DRAW CROWDS! BUT NOW I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU!
THE AMAZO
A
THE GREA
SO YOU'RE JIM MARKHAM, THE PRODUCER?
YES! AMAZO GOT ME HERE ON A PRETEXT...FOR REVENGE! I CANCELLED HIS STAGE ACT! HE WAS A BIG FLOP! HE'S GONE MAD, I'M AFRAID!


MAD, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL LINE MY POCKETS WITH GOLD, AND FOOL THE POLICE WITH MY MASTERFUL TRICKS! HOW CAN I FAIL, WHEN I FOOLED EVEN THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA!
IT WAS SIMPLE TO MAKE MARKHAM DISAPPEAR!
"...A TRAP DOOR UNDER THE BASKET LET HIM FALL THROUGH TO THE BASEMENT!"
"AS FOR THE BOY VANISHING FROM BEHIND MY CLOTH, IT'S AN OLD TRICK OF A HOOK COMING FROM A PANEL IN THE WALL AND YANKING HIM THROUGH SO FAST, HE SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR!"
"AS FOR HOW I DISAPREARED IN A PUFF OF SMOKE, I SIMPLY DARTED INTO THE SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL! SIMPLE TRICKS, BUT THEY FOOLED YOU, AS I WILL FOOL THE POLICE WHEN I BEGIN MY CRIME CAREER!"
PRETTY CLEVER, AMAZO! BUT HERE'S ANOTHER SIMPLE LITTLE TRICK! WHILE YOUR FLUNKIES TIED MY HANDS, I PLAYED POSSUM AND KEPT MY WRISTS FLEXED! NOW...
...I JUST SLIP OUT OF THE LOOSE ROPES... PRESTO!
WHAM!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU SOME MORE OF MY TRICKS!
6


I'VE GOT MY HANDS TIED, BUT NOT MY FEET!
I'LL KILL YOU... WHAT?
YOU GRABBED A PROP-GUN BY MISTAKE! WHAT A PRETTY BOUQUET!
I'M A MAGICIAN TOO! I'M GOING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A CROOK!
SOCK!
GAAA!
LATER...
THANKS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU SAVED ME FROM A MADMAN AND THE CITY FROM A SERIES OF CLEVER CRIMES!
TO THINK THIS ALL CAME ABOUT WHEN YOUNG TOMMY COLMAN FAILED IN HIS STUDIES!
AND THE NEXT DAY, AT SCHOOL...
TEACHER! I'M GONNA DO MY HOMEWORK FROM NOW ON, AND PASS! I'M SORRY I LED YOU ON THAT WILD GOOSE CHASE YESTERDAY!
WILD GOOSE CHASE, EH?
EXTRA DAILY GLOBE EXTRA
CAPTAIN AMERICA CAPTUR
MAD MAGICIAN!
7.
THE END

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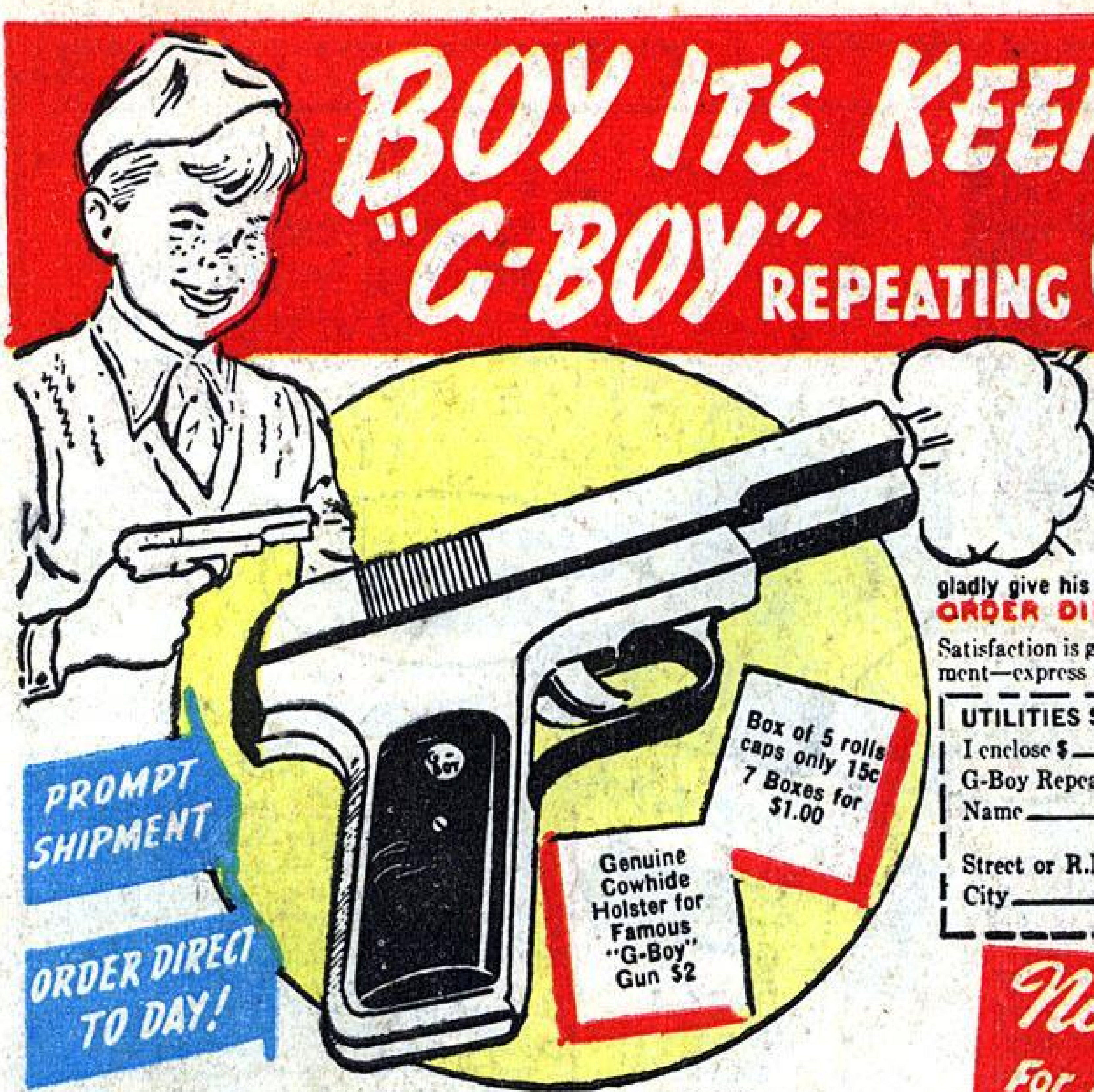
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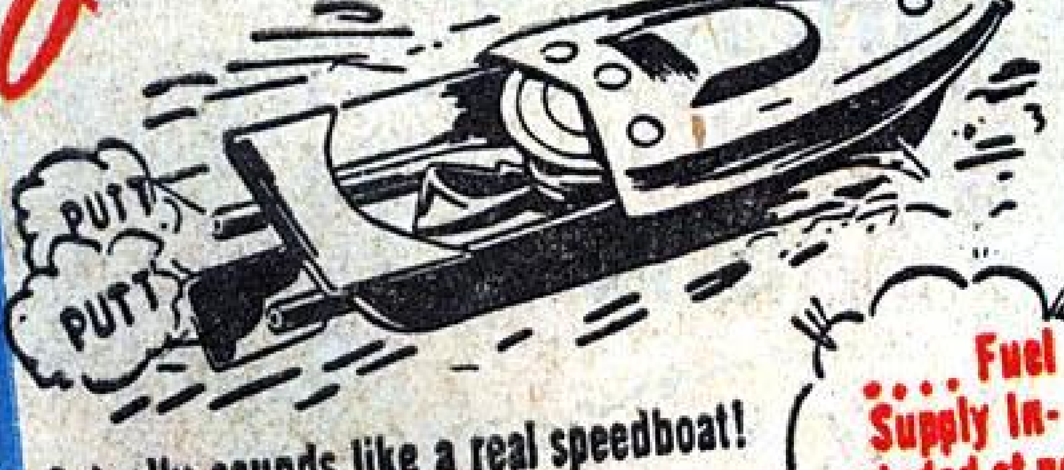

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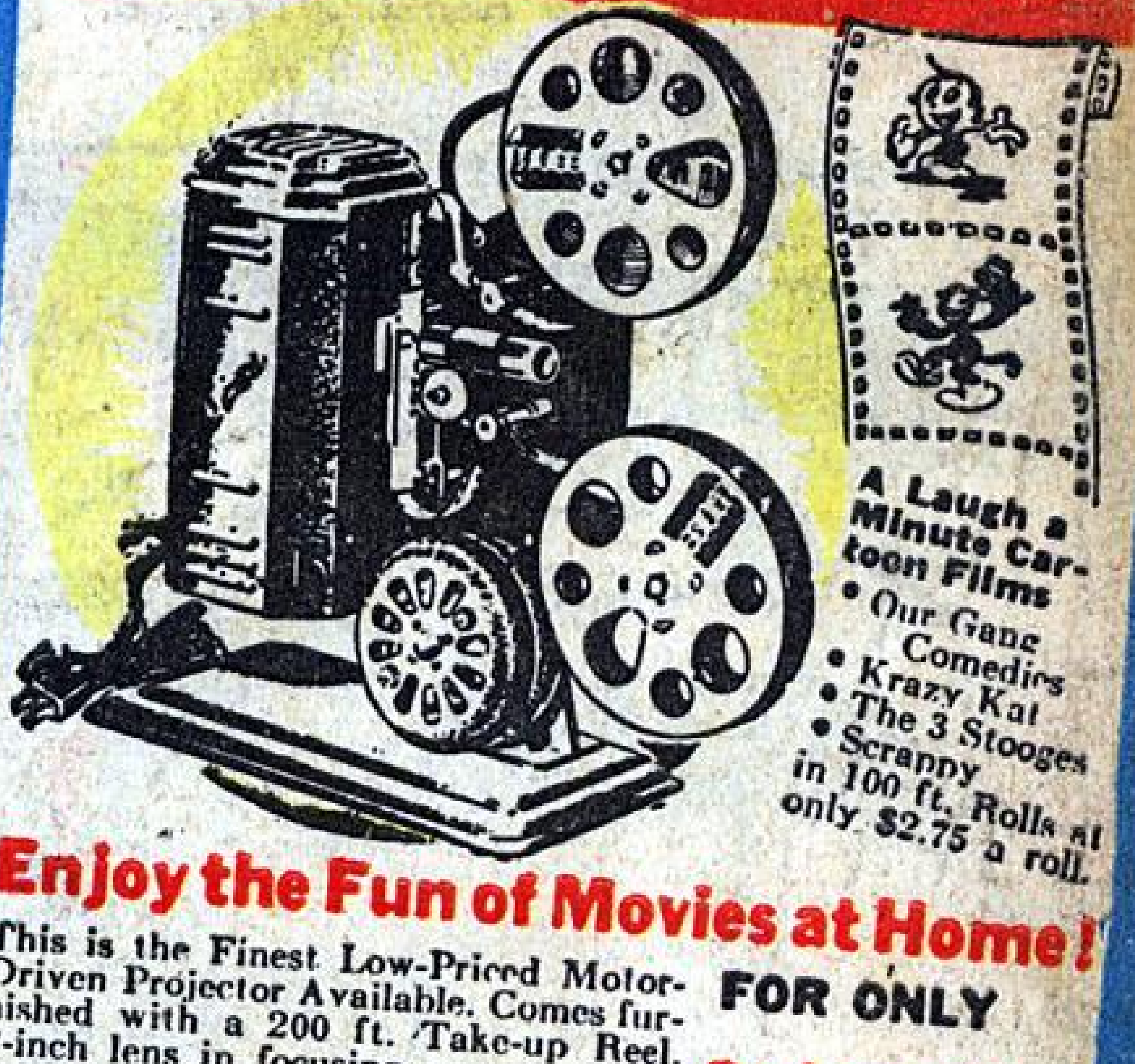

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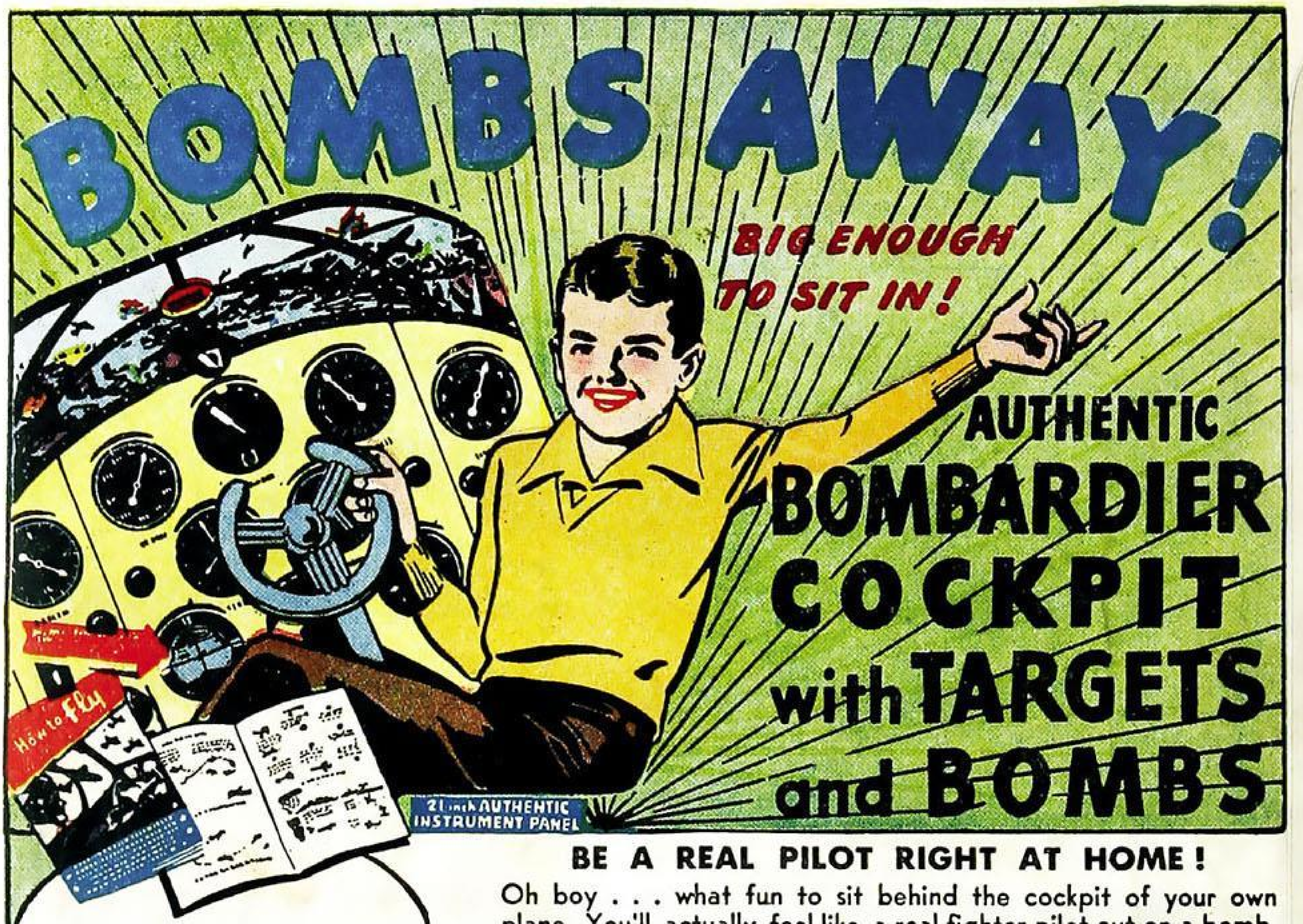
BOMBS AWAY!
BIG ENOUGH TO SIT IN!
AUTHENTIC BOMBARDIER COCKPIT with TARGETS and BOMBS
21 inch AUTHENTIC INSTRUMENT PANEL
How to Fly

BE A REAL PILOT RIGHT AT HOME!

Oh boy . . . what fun to sit behind the cockpit of your own plane. You'll actually feel like a real fighter pilot out on a bombing mission and blasting the enemy as our famous pilots did in the war. The dash board of the cockpit is 21 inches high with regular-size steering stick and gauges. Just like the controls and dials of a real airplane. You drop your bombs on scale model targets through a regular 'cross hair' bombsight. The pilot's physical fitness, eye test and coordination tests are included.

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Scale model ships, planes, tanks, cars, ammunition dumps are all included in this mammoth set. The realistic military land and sea chart is revolving and keeps you alert for dropping your bombs. Many war games in one . . . in the Air, on Land, on Sea. It's fun.

OVER 100 MOVING PARTS

Yes . . . everything works. The real gauges on the dashboard are movable . . . your targets are movable . . . your 'stick' is movable . . . and your bombs actually drop from the bomb chute onto the target. It's a real copy of a bombing plane.

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HERE'S ALL YOU GET!

COMPLETE COCKPIT
Dashboard (21" high) with movable gauges, steering 'stick' and rudders. Copied from real bombing planes.

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Actual 'cross hair' bombsight that was used by our precision bombardiers. Mirror reflectors guide you.

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A complete book on "How to Fly." Every detail on flying and maneuvering is included.

LAND, SEA AND AIR TARGETS
Model ships, planes, tanks, cars are included to test your bombing skill.

PHYSICAL TEST
Pilot's physical test, eye and coordination test included.

AIR GAME
Plane recognition and air game adds fun.

ALL PARTS MOVABLE

You Get to Keep This FLYER'S GOOD LUCK RABBIT'S FOOT FREE! IF NOT SATISFIED

Yes, if you're not simply delighted with your Bombardier Set, you may return it for a *full refund*—and still keep the Rabbit's Foot (the kind carried by pilots who believe in good luck charms) absolutely free with our best wishes for Good Luck to You!

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Please rush my BOMBARDIER SET as checked below. If not delighted I may keep the Flyer's Good Luck Rabbit's Foot as a gift and return the BOMBARDIER SET for a full refund.

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☐ **I'm enclosing $1.98 payment in full. Ship postpaid.**
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